CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. LI. NO. 23 CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1923. 5 CENTS A COPY.

RED LETTER SHORT STORIES

PEG-LEG, *By Raymond Kelly*

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THE SILVER SPONGE
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THE GIRL GOD MADE FOR JONES
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* * *

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

Fisherman's Luck

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CHICAGO LEDGER

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What is Your Problem?

CONDUCTED FOR THE LEDGER

by VICTORIA GREY

DEAR MISS GREY: I am a Ledger reader and have been going with a boy whom I love. He says he loves me, but he is jealous and doesn't want me to speak to any other boy; not even look at one. And I like to speak and laugh and talk. When we are at parties and the movies I can't enjoy myself with any of my friends, for if I do he gets angry. Please advise me whether to give him up and forget him or not. B. V. K.

Give him up just as fast as you can! A woman can stand almost any other fault in a man but unreasoning jealousy. It makes a prince the most sniveling sort of a beggar in her eyes. If this boy is such a tyrant now, my goodness, if he ever married you what on earth would he be like!

Dear Miss Grey: Can you suggest some remedy for bow legs? Are there any exercises of massages you can suggest? I am a grown up person and it is quite embarrassing. BLONDEY.

A well-known little comedienne recently had her legs broken each in two places, and splinted together again straight. Surgeous are doing this all along now for bowleggedness. Of course one is under ether both when the legs are broken and set. I know of no other treatment.

Dear Miss Grey: I am a woman 30 and my husband is 39. He is awfully mean to me. He quarrels all the time. Every day of his life he raises a fuss over nothing. He wants to knock and beat me all the time. He works at night and never speaks to me when he comes in. He stays mad all of the time; never looks pleasant; never speaks a pleasant word, and I have lost all love for him. I have left him three times and he has begged me to come back each time, promising to do better. But he is worse, and I do not want to live with him any longer. Please advise me what to do. L. F.

My dear, leave him. There is no law in the United States that compels a woman to live with her husband. Disappear and go to parts unknown. Have you any one who would testify that your husband is that way and that he coaxed you back each time only to act worse? You could get a divorce from any fair judge on those grounds, right away. I should not give in to him again after so many trials.

Dear Miss Grey: When you buy something at a store and the salesperson thanks you, what should you say 2. And at a dance, if a gentleman asks you for a dance and you don't want to dance with him, how can you properly refuse him without causing him hurt feelings? 3. And suppose you do dance, and at the end of the dance he thanks you, what should you say? Thanking you, I am, A. V. D.

Use the good, old, "You're welcome," to a salesperson, for he is thanking you for your patronage and you are telling him he is welcome to your patronage. In the second instance, you will have to tell a white lie or else "stall." But why not dance with him and show your good sportsmanship?

When you have danced with a gentleman, thirdly, he is supposed to thank you and you are supposed to let him know that you, also, enjoyed the dance; or else you can answer by saying he is such a divine dancer that you feel as tho you should thank him, too. If he is not a cultured man, however, he will think you are proposing to him or something. With men of this type it is best to risk nothing, take his thank you and say nothing, but smile.

Dear Miss Grey: I have been thinking perhaps you can help me, as you seem to help so many others. I have a boy 17 years old and he is still subject to bed-wetting. Have done everything I could for five years. The doctors say there is nothing the matter with him, and still he says he cannot help it. Do you know of anything? He hasn't any ambition to do anything, and for the past four years has not gotten along well in school. He does not want to leave home to do work, yet he does not want to do anything at home. J. A. K.

Were you to read the histories of the cases of insanity or mental cases, you would find that young people who have "dementia praecox" act very much like this boy. It is a mental disease that attacks adolescents most often. Take your boy to a psychopathic hospital to have him tested out. Often these cases are remedied in a few years.

Dear Miss Grey: I noticed your answer to the girl with bones showing in the back of her neck and wonder if you could help me, too. I am five feet eight inches in height and only weigh 125 pounds. So, I know I am too thin. But how to remedy it! I am also too flat-chested. My bust is just as it was when I was 15, altho I have nursed four children. I live on a farm and have lots of work to do. A WORRIED WOMAN.

Taking it easy is almost essential when one wants to put on flesh. Try drinking a cup of chocolate every night before retiring, and make it out of half cream and half milk. And if you can train yourself to take a very cold plunge every day, you would find yourself getting stouter. Start with a luke-warm plunge and lower the temperature half a degree by the thermometer every day. Give the busts a daily ice rub. Put a piece of ice in a soft handkerchief and "iron" the busts until the ice is all melted. Night is the best time for this last. Try and make time to take ten minutes rest on the couch after lunch every day. If you can do all this, I am sure it will fix you up, in spite of your having so much work on your hands.

* * *

He Didn't Go.

HE WAS one of the old style of tramps, and entered a police station with a swagger gait and said to the sergeant at the desk:

"Sergeant, if I should tell you that two or three nights ago I robbed two houses and killed four people in St. Louis what would you tell me to do?"

The sergeant thought for a minute, and then replied:

"I would tell you to go to Halifax and rob two houses and kill four people."

The tramp thought it over for a minute or two and then went out and took a seat in one of the parks.

GODS of GOLD

By Frederick A. Wilson

GUEY MIN was a worker in metal. In Chow Tsien he had learned from a great master how to make curious things out of gold, and silver, and brass, and so deft and clever had his hands become, that he was allowed to stamp his name on his productions, just like any other artist. The master, because he so loved his art that he neglected to take the cash which might have been his if he had even held out his hand to take it, had been poor all of his life. But just before he died, he became suddenly rich—so rich that those who knew him said that the gods had smiled on him because all his life he had been an honest man. It was whispered, that one night while he was asleep, golden yellow pieces of money had come tumbling into his room thru the windows and the open door, and that they danced up and down on the floor as if they had life and were glad to be near so great and good a man.

But, of course, this was only a story, altho there were some gossips who really believed it. And afterwards, the servant who cooked the rice and chie yok in the master's rooms, used to tell how, while the old man was on a rug in the corner, ready to die, he sent for his favorite pupil, Guey Min, and said:

"I am going to that other world, Min, but before I go, I will tell you a secret that will make you as rich as a Pekin mandarin. Without money, art dies like a plant from which the water is withheld; with money, it becomes strong and flourishes." Because his ears were those of a man instead of a cat, the servant heard no more; but it was enough. And that was the way Min got the secret, but no one but himself ever knew what it was, because, when the master told it, his voice was like the whisper of a passing spirit—so low that no one but Guey heard it—which is the way all secrets should be told.

That was the beginning.

For years, the pupil held the great secret and no good had come of it. He was so poor, he had to dress in common cloth like a field laborer who has to work seven days a week, and he had no servant to wait on him. Before he had left China, his friends used to say to him:

"I greet you, Guey Min. When will the secret of the great master turn into gold?"

There were many who said that, because there were many who hoped they would some day profit by his good fortune when it arrived. Then Min would become angry, and deny with vehemence that he knew any secret.

"He who works well, eats well, and sleeps well, is happy enough," he would say, "and I am content, for if I had all the money in the world, I could not eat two bowls of rice where I eat one now. One blouse, two shoes, one hat, one bed, one pipe to smoke, enough tobacco to fill it; it is sufficient; I am satisfied."

Then, one day, he closed his shop, after he had packed everything he owned in a shiny bag with a handle in the middle, and with two other Chow Tsien men who were merchants, and who sold goods, he took passage on a ship and came across the ocean. They didn't stop traveling until they reached New York, where they went to Mott street and took rooms near the big temple, which had once been a tenement house, and where the Chinese worshippers went on odd days to burn the prayer sticks, and to learn their fortunes. Four days after the metal worker had paid his rent, he nailed a sign on the outside of his door, and those who looked at it read:

GUEY MIN
WORKER IN PRECIOUS METALS
GOLDEN GOOD LUCK GODS
TEMPLE IMAGES

It was a fine red sign, with red streamers on it to keep away the devils who come at night, sneaking around like evil words, destroying business and undermining reputations. He made and sold rings, and bracelets that were curiously carved with snakes and dragons, and big-eyed fishes, which were considered lucky. He worked in gold that was without alloy, so that it was yellow and soft, and virgin, just as it came from the ground. Always, he was bending over his bench by the window, cutting, and carving and hammering; and it seemed to those who came and went, as if he never slept.

"He is a true artist," said the men who came with him; "he is not a hewer with a heavy tool; he works with his heart as well as with his hands. He has a mind like a child, and can be cheated by cunning men. If he loved money like these foreign devils, he could have it by holding out his hand, for he has a great secret that could make him rich—that could make any man rich. Yes, that could make a thousand men rich if he would but tell it."

Like water thrown on the ground, the story spread to every corner of the street; to the cellars where the gamblers stood behind the fan-tan tables; to the shops, where the merchants sat in gloom and sucked at their pipes; to the rooms where opium was smoked; and even to the homes where little children played on the floor. From talking of it in whispers, they soon began to talk of it with loud voices, while they stood on the street and looked up at his window.

SUE CHEUNG, the curious one, he who was the frayed and tattered watcher for the gamblers, who, once a week, lost in ten minutes what it had taken him several days of watching to earn, for the first time in three years, turned his back on the tables when he had his money in his pocket, and swiftly climbed the creaking stairs to the room of Guey Min. He would find out about this thing. If riches come to all, to be appreciated, they must come quickly like sudden storm clouds in a clear sky, and if there was such a thing as a secret, well—— Perhaps the first to ask this man with the mind of a child would be the lucky one. His eyes narrowed themselves down to cunning slits. He had not been a watcher all these years for nothing, studying faces, voices, gestures, that useless men might be kept away and only those with money allowed to enter and play. He paused for a moment at the door and studied the sign. Then he went in, opening his eyes wide, that he might look innocent. He fumbled in his pocket, brought forth his money and laid it on the bench.

"I should wear a ring," he said carelessly; "as good a one as that will buy," touching the bills with his forefinger, stained with cigarettes.

"A new coat would be better," remarked Guey Min, glancing at him out of the corner of his eye.

"Every one has a coat," answered the watcher; "only the prosperous have rings."

Min took a handful from a drawer and laid them before him, each with a tag that told the weight and the price. When the bargain had been concluded, the watcher began to question craftily:

"It is said, Guey Min, that some day you will be a rich man."

"So I will, if my friends will come and buy my goods," was the answer.

"And that you know of a great secret that will bring money to a man very quickly," he went on, as if the other had not spoken.

"Not quickly, but surely. The pathway of unceasing labor leads to it."

"It would be good if one could get as much of this as he could carry." He pointed to an ingot of gold that lay on the bench.

"Men have been killed for less," answered Min, never raising his eyes from his work.

When the watcher went down the stairs, he knew that he had not been talking with one with the mind of a child, and he was angry with himself for having spent all of his money for a ring which was of no use to him. Now he would have to wait another week before he could get a chance to win a fortune at the tables. But it was not long after that that the chance came, and it was a Kwangtung man who had been up the dark stairs, that told about it in a voice that trembled and with lips that quivered. When he had gone into the room without knocking, he had found the metal worker on his knees before a small image made of pure gold. He had stood in the doorway a long time without saying a word, and then he had asked Guey Min why it was he worshiped in the morning.

"Be quiet," Min had said; "be quiet. The time has come. I have changed this god of the sea to the god of gold, and he will bring me riches."

The word passed from mouth to ear, thru the length of Mott street; it trickled around the furthermost corner into Doyers street; it went wherever a Chinese lived or worked. The story was true.

There was a secret, and the man who knew it could be seen and talked to. He was here. He was one of their own blood and their own race, perhaps he would remember that. They no longer spoke of buying or selling, or gambling. The word heard on street corners and in shops was gold, and the only name spoken was that of Guey Min. Other curious ones saw him worshiping after that—all who went might see.

Dust was on his bench and he was always on his knees, burning prayer-sticks, pouring wine upon the floor and salaaming before that yellow idol he had made with his clever hands. Even

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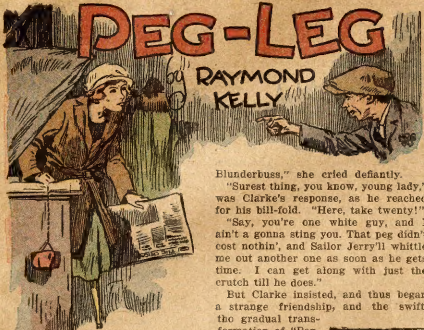


PEG-LEG

by RAYMOND KELLY

"PEG-LEG, peg-leg, sittin' on a nail-keg."

"Peg-leg" Nell Brady loftily ignored the insult. She was busy protecting her newspapers from the drizzle that had just set in. Besides, she was used to the name. It was a mere statement of fact, and only the tone made it insulting. The peg-leg, itself, tho a handicap in getting around, was a business asset. Many the customer who, catching sight of that bit of rough pine, muttered, "Keep the change."

"Peg-leg, Peg-leg, sittin' on a nail-keg."

This time the couplet was accompanied by an accurately thrown banana skin. Nell could sympathize with an unsuccessful business competitor, but "Squint" Caproni was going too far. The pursuit was on! Peg-leg, real leg and homemade crutch fairly flew down the slippery cement walk as Nell tore after her tormentor. In fifty yards she had him, and the crutch had become a weapon of discipline, under whose blows "Squint" howled for mercy.

"Now, you can just mosey along back to my stand and pay for what I'm short while attendin' to you, Mister Caproni," and "Squint" writhed more under that "Mister" than he had under the belaboring crutch.

NELL was flushed with victory when Clarke came along, and her mop of short yellow curls was glistening under the street lamp with beads from the November mist.

Clarke, too, was flushed, but not with victory. He had just been informed that as an employe and prospective junior partner to one's father he might be all that could be desired, but that as a fiance he had ceased to be available material. If he preferred a Saturday at New Haven with a crowd of former team mates to one at Urbana where she was going to see her own brother play, it was all right with Margaret Gordon, and he could spend every Saturday, and all the rest of his time for that matter, any place he chose, just as long as she didn't have to be bothered with having him around. She was grateful to him for showing himself in his true colors before it was too late!

So Clarke, with logic about equal to Margaret's, had resigned, and was going to Australia, or South America, or to Cape Town: He didn't care much which, if only it was far enough away. And that was how it came about that Clarke, his hands thrust into his ulster pockets and his chin stuck out, blundered squarely into Nell Brady, knocking her to the sidewalk, and completing the damage by stepping on the peg-leg and snapping it squarely in half.

Nell was up instantly, standing on her good foot and waving the piece of wood under Clarke's nose.

"That'll cost you ten dollars, Mister Blunderbuss," she cried defiantly.

"Surest thing, you know, young lady," was Clarke's response, as he reached for his bill-fold. "Here, take twenty!"

"Say, you're one white guy, and I ain't a gonna sting you. That peg didn't cost nothin', and Sailor Jerry'll whittle me out another one as soon as he gets time. I can get along with just the crutch till he does."

But Clarke insisted, and thus began a strange friendship, and the swift, tho gradual transformation of "Peg-leg" Nell Brady. For Clarke, feeling the need of some new interest in life, and captivated by the essential squareness of the 13-year-old gamin, had made a special protege of her, and Nell did her best to live up to her new friendship.

Not that she let him presume upon his superior position to correct her; she was too much the modern female of the species to tolerate that. So, when he tried to point out that there were certain niceties of speech which she would do well to observe, Nell turned upon him fiercely with the remark, "Say if you don't like me the way I am, you don't need to come around. When I want to get educated I'll go to school. Get me?" And Clarke, who had learned only too recently that it is sometimes necessary for a gentleman to apologize when he knows he is right, hastened to make amends.

So Nell forgave him and wore the high-priced artificial leg he got her, secretly glorying in the fact that she now looked like other girls, tho openly complaining that it was slower than a peg and a crutch.

Clothes may not make the man, but they assuredly go a long way toward making the lady, and Nell's new outfit was the pride of her heart. Thus it was than when drunken Jack Brady disposed of her finery and the new leg in order the better to fortify himself for the battle against the unfeeling Volstead, Nell shed her new manners as quickly as a Carlisle graduate sheds civilization. She called upon Mr. Cohen and right speedily replevined her property by no other authority than the aid of her own tongue, for Mr. Cohen had not lived half his sixty years on South State without learning to tell when a lady was in earnest.

Nell told Clarke about the matter, not with any desire to arouse his sympathy, but merely as an item of news in which he might be interested. But he shocked, as the comfortable always are by the intimate revelations of poverty, called upon old Brady.

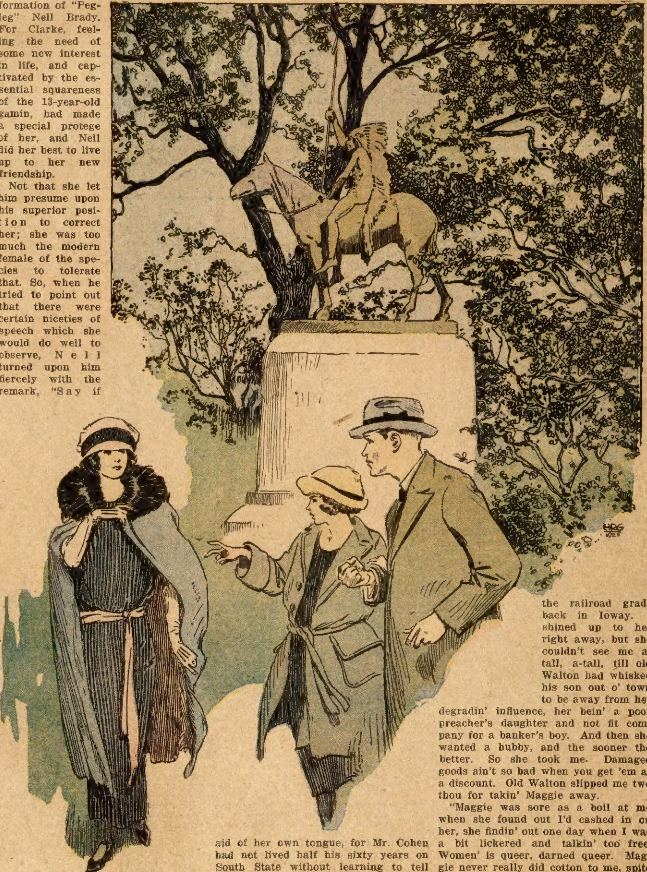
He found Brady drunk, as usual, but feeling good-natured and even inclined to be facetious.

"So you're Nellie's new flame, eh?" was his leering remark, when Clarke had introduced himself. "She's beginning early like her mother, even if she is only a part of a girl. Not so bad at that, tho, seeing as how I got ten thousand from the car company for that business: They had no business tying up that money so I could only get the interest. Me workin' at day labor, when I should be ownin' my own business. But it pays to be soft hearted, at that. Nell ain't a bad investment and I never regretted marryin' her mother, for all she thought herself above me, and me savin' her from shame when her fine gentleman left her in the lurch."

"Then Nell isn't your own daughter?" Clarke asked a bit eagerly.

"Lord love ye, no! I met up with her ma when I was skinnin' mules on the railroad grade back in Ioway. I shined up to her right away, but she couldn't see me a-tall, a-tall, till old Walton had whisked his son out o' town to be away from her degradin' influence, her bein' a poor preacher's daughter and not fit company for a banker's boy. And then she wanted a hubby, and the sooner the better. So she took me. Damaged goods ain't so bad when you get 'em at a discount. Old Walton slipped me two thou for takin' Maggie away.

"Maggie was sore as a boil at me when she found out I'd cashed in on her, she findin' out one day when I was a bit lickered and talkin' too free. Women' is queer, darned queer. Maggie never really did cotton to me, spite of all I'd done for her, tho I never laid a hand on her when I was sober. Nell's as bad as her mother. She holds out on me. I've caught her at it. Beatin' don't do no good, 'cause, Lord knows, I've licked that kid till my arm was



It Was Only a Week Later That, While Walking in Lincoln Park, She Met Clark and Nell Face to Face. Much to the Embarrassment of Both Her Elders, Nell Insisted on Stopping.

tired without gettin' results!"

By this time, old Brady's intoxication had reached the stage of self-pity and he was weeping. Sick with disgust, Clarke made his way out of the room into the filthy stairway and down to the almost equally squalid street. The upshot of that interview was that Clarke, Nell, and Brady all came before the Probate Court and Nell was awarded to Clarke, and he was made trustee, under bond, of the money the interest of which had hitherto been diverted to the misuse of the old reprobate.

All this necessitated Clarke's moving from his snug bachelor quarters into a larger apartment, where his maiden aunt also came to help make a real home for Nell, who loved her fiercely and disobeyed her stubbornly. But, like many another spinster, Aunt Essie possessed the mother instinct to an intense degree, and she soon learned that Nell could be handled easily enough, if requests were given instead of orders. Moreover, the child was ready for anything, if she could only be assured that it would give pleasure to Uncle Frank, as she had learned to call Clarke.

She loved to "fix up" his room, and was always putting in some little touch of decoration that had appealed to her. Clarke always noticed and thanked her for her efforts, even when her ideas of color values clashed a bit with his own, which wasn't often, for the child from the slum had an almost uncannily correct instinct in that direction.

But Clarke experienced somewhat of a shock when, on coming up to his room one evening, he found the little silver-framed photograph of Margaret Gordon restored to its former place of honor on his dresser. Nell had found it in a drawer, and liking the face had seen no reason why it should not be displayed. As tactfully as possible Clarke tried to explain to the girl that the picture really shouldn't have remained in his possession at all, but should have been sent back to its owner.

"What's the matter," Nell asked naively, "don't you like her any more?"

"Yes, but she doesn't like me."

"Why don't she? What's she mad about?" And, to his own astonishment, Clarke found himself telling Nell all about it. He was even more surprised, however, when his protege sided against him, and forced him to the defensive.

"But Nell," he protested, "you simply don't understand."

"Yes I do too understand, and I don't blame her one bit! Why wouldn't she want you to go with her to see her own brother play? You wouldn't do it because you wanted to be with those fellows more than you did with her. Did you ever go back again and try to square yourself?"

"Not yet, Nell."

"And, I suppose, you think she's goin' to come cryin' around to you and eat humble pie? Not much. That's your job. You're as much wrong as she is."

"But, Nell, you simply don't understand at all. She said she never wanted to see me again."

"Sure she did, and she meant it till you were almost to the corner. I've been mad as that at my friends lots of times, but I always make up. It wouldn't be any use quarrelin', if you didn't make up, Uncle Frank."

But at this juncture Clarke put an end to the discussion by kissing Nell and grabbing his hat. A half hour later, she also left the house. She went directly to the corner drug store, and in a few minutes she had located in the telephone directory the address of Margaret Gordon, and was on her way.

IT WAS as one accustomed to social usages that she sent in her card to Miss Gordon. Those cards, with the little case for them, had been a present from Uncle Frank, and Nell was inordinately proud of both. The name, Miss Nellie Clarke Brady, puzzled Margaret, but she had been told that it was a very young girl who wished to see her and, as Margaret was always gracious to children, she came down stairs at once. Nell rose, as Margaret entered the room, and further showed the good results of Aunt Essie's training by the manner in which she took the older girl's proffered hand. She was missing no detail of Margaret's dress and deportment, but her glance was as casual and free from any suggestion of staring as tho she had passed all her days among the elect.

"Yes. I want to talk to you about a friend of mine who is a friend of yours, too. You see, I'm Mr. Clarke's new adopted niece."

"Did Mr. Clarke send you?" There was indignation in Margaret's tone, but there was a more than casual interest also.

"No. Say, Miss Gordon, ain't men the awful fools?" (In her eagerness, Nell was lapsing into her old vernacular.) "Mr. Clarke is an awfully fine man, and he's simply crazy about you but, just because you said you never wanted to see him again, why, he's too proud to come around and tell you how sorry he is he didn't go with you that Saturday. Say, why don't you ask him to call? Then he'd apologize."

Amused, angry, and yet longing for reconciliation, Margaret hardly knew how to answer, but she said, "If he really wanted to come, he wouldn't wait for any invitation. You didn't, you know."

Nell was out of her chair in an instant, and Margaret was quick to make amends.

"I didn't mean to say that. I haven't any right to hurt your feelings. You're a dear little girl and I think Frank—I mean Mr. Clarke—is very fortunate to have you for his niece. Come and see me again soon, won't you?"

"I'd like to, but I don't think it would be fair to Uncle Frank to go where he isn't wanted. Say; I'll tell you. There's lots of places where a lady has to take an escort, and if I was asked to go some place like that I could make Uncle Frank take me."

MARGARET laughed and kissed her good-by, intending to forget all about the incident, but it was only a week later that, while walking in Lincoln Park, she met Clarke and Nell face to face, and, of course, she could not snub the child. Much to the embarrassment of both her elders, Nell insisted on stopping and visiting.

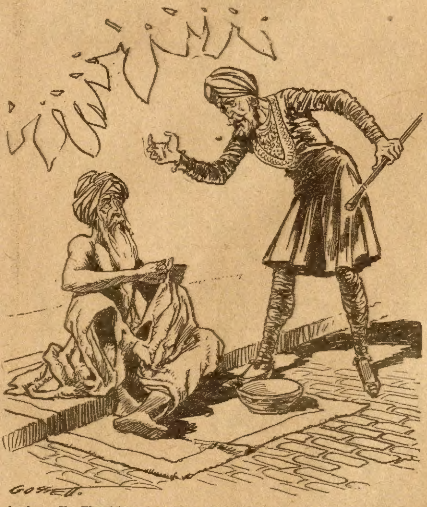
Perhaps it was just a part of the general effect of the approaching spring; perhaps it was a mutual interest in Nell, but that interview ended

(Continued on Page 25.)

THE SILVER SPONGE

A Story of Calcutta

By Albert G. McKinnan



Anyhow, He Flourishes; Too Much for the Liking of the Neighborhood. The Police Had an Urgent Petition From No Less a Person Than Samarendra Tarkabhuan to Have Him Removed. It Seems That the Worthy's Palatial Residence Is in Close Proximity to the Spot Where Chandra Mullick Has Chosen to Squat.

CHANDRA MULLICK had sat on his haunches looking at his stomach for years—thinking. He was always thinking. That is no reflection on other humans. His was a deep and prolonged meditation. Where he differed from the ordinary ruck of mankind was that he never did anything else but think. What was passing in his brain was beyond fathoming. His face never revealed any secret. It was set hard and fast as granite; and, as if to hide still more what lay behind, it was smeared a ghastly hue with gray ashes. The previous coating was never washed off when a new one was plastered over it. So there were layers on his cheeks years' deep, as far back as his last haircut which was a generation ago.

It was after-dinner talk that accidentally brought this unsavory person into the limelight of this story.

"By the way, Maspherson," said McLeod to his guest, as he knocked the ash off his cigar, "I wonder if you have ever noticed the strange fakir squatted on Hodson Road. He is a ghastly sight. I passed him this afternoon."

"Do you think there is anything in Calcutta I do not notice?" retorted his friend with a smile. "Ten years at the head of the detective department has surely taught me to keep my eyes open. Fakirs are a harmless set as a rule, and they wander about so much that it is difficult to keep track of them; but that man is an old stager."

"Surely he is on a new stance then, for I never remember him before."

"Yes, he moved out lately to the border of the suburbs, a rather unusual place for a fakir. When in the native quarter he used to be very thin, his bones almost sticking thru his skin. But he has prospered with the change, and put on flesh. I should say, leaving his head out of account, that he is decidedly good to himself."

"What does he subsist on?"

"The charity of passers-by. It rains 'pice' occasionally, and he just scoops the small coin in."

"I should have thought his present site a bad one from a business point of view," continued McLeod. "It has nothing of the pungent atmosphere of the native quarter that breeds fakirs and such like. Perhaps he has been exiled by his confreres, and obliged to pitch his tents on the outskirts of Paradise, so to speak."

"Perhaps," replied Macpherson dryly. "Anyhow, he flourishes; too much so for the liking of the neighborhood. The police had an urgent petition from no less a person than Samarendra Tarkabhusan to have him removed. It seems that that worthy's palatial residence is in close proximity to the spot where Chandra Mullick has chosen to squat. The matter was referred to me for an opinion, and I recommended that the fakir should be left alone. Whereafter Samarendra vented his rage in sending reams of complaints to the police office. It was hard on the innocent postmen, but made no impression on us. So Mullick sits tight, and perhaps if you could get down beneath the plaster on his face you might find a smile."

"You have earned his blessing. Possibly it was a little bit of superstition in your Scottish makeup that caused you to decide in his favor."

"Well, I would rather have a fakir as a friend than an enemy. They can be as ugly as they look sometimes. Still, I have not enlightened Mullick with regard to my favors, and so have missed his blessing. He remains, and Samarendra fumes, and I am content that the latter should suffer a little for his sins. He is the greediest man in Calcutta. The way he has been rack-renting his tenants is beyond belief. His latest dodge of turning a dishonest penny was very clever. For two days the postoffice was offering money orders at an exchange of two and eleven pence for the rupee, while the bank rate was two and eight. What did our rascal do, but began writing out cheques on a London bank payable to himself in rupees.

"These he cashed here, and with the rupees went to the postoffice and bought money orders which he dispatched by the same post to London to meet the cheques drawn. So that he was not a penny out of pocket in the transaction, and cleared three pence on every rupee he drew. The authorities quickly smelt a rat, and tho Samarendra was employing lots of agents to hide himself, it was soon clear that he was the man who was bleeding the government. Of course, it was quite legal, and no hand could be laid on him; but we soon stopped that game by getting the postoffice to charge a commission of three annas on each rupee, which docked off the profit, but not until Samarendra had made a scoop."

"They tell me, however, that he is a very generous man, and that he gives hundreds of the poor a dinner every night in his grounds," said McLeod in a questioning tone.

"Yes, that is the funny thing about him; and yet I am not certain that it is the really destitute who are getting the benefit of his liberality," Macpherson responded doubtfully.

"Misdirected philanthropy? There is plenty of that in the world."

"I am not so sure that it is even philanthropy. Samarendra is not that build of a man."

"What is it, then?" asked McLeod. "Camouflage of some sort, eh?"

But Macpherson only shrugged his shoulders. McLeod's guest was a man who despite his fifteen years in India had still something of the reek of the peat about him. He had begun life as a policeman in Edinburgh, but nature had shaped him for bigger things, and chance had opened for him the door in India. He had risen to be the head of the detective department. His shrewdness and application had forced for him a way to the top, tho he had not yet reached the zenith of his ambitions. McLeod's generosity of heart and home was offered freely to all his compatriots, and Macpherson, like the others, felt that he could talk freely to his host.

II.

FOR awhile the two relapsed into silence. Then McLeod started the conversation on a new tack.

"Anything fresh in the ferreting line at present?" he asked with a smile.

"Well, yes, we have started on a big hunt. It is a matter of great importance to the country, and of personal concern to myself. The fact is, for

THE JUNE WEDDING

By Reh Ecaroh

THERE was a time when if you'd asked,
What month of all the year I'd classed
As best, I wouldn't even hesitate
Because I'd come to contemplate
That song the best which finds its tune
Amid the flowers and birds of June.

But now, I ain't so over sure—
Might be I need some sort of cure
For ailin' innards, sassafras
Er sulphur—and, mebby, alas,
My ailin's nothin' but the rage
Of slippin' into grim, old age!

But somehow, somethin's mighty wrong
When I can't hear a robin's song
Without a-feelin' sick and sore;
When I can't smell the lilacs nor
The apple blossoms' sweet perfume
Without a sense of deepin' gloom!

The parlor's fixed up mighty swell
With flowers and a ribbon bell,
And Maw's been workin' night and day
A-makin' pretty things—and say,
They let me have a look last night,
I can't remember such a sight!

That little gal of mine, by gum!
The beauty of her struck me dumb—
A silky dress of blindin' white,
And on her hair as black as night,
A crown of apple blossoms fair!
She did look sweet, I do declare!

And ribbons, say, and laces fine,
'Twas hard to think that gal was mine!
She looked more like a pictured queen
In them there books that you have seen.
Of course, I smiled, for why complain
If beauty causes you some pain?

There's neighbors comin' in today,
And Parson Jones, and Jimmie Gray—
Ah, Jimmie, he's the lucky boy!
And while I wish 'em tons of joy,
It seems somehow it came too soon;
It's takin' all the joy from June.

Just yisterday, it seems to me,
I's riding Lucy on my knee!
And now, she goin' to be a bride
With Jimmie standin' at her side!
I'm blest, if things ain't misty blue
And I don't know just what I'll do.

I calculate it's goin' ter be
Some lonesomelike fer Maw and me.
Of course, we got ter show our pride
To all the guests, and kiss the bride—
But just the same that weddin' tune
Is goin' to change our thoughts of June.

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the first time in my life I have accepted a bribe. What do you think of that?"

"A rather startling confession, which nevertheless I cannot accept as true."

"But it is," replied Macpherson emphatically, and yet there lurked round the corner of his lips the suspicion of a smile. "It is the biggest bribe a man could ever be offered. At least, that is how I view it. I have had bribes of all kinds flung at me during my career, and it has not cost me a twinge of regret to turn them down; but this time I have succumbed. I am going to accept a handsome reward for doing my duty."

"Your face belies your words, Macpherson. It is not one of the ordinary kind. That is clear."

"You are right. It is extraordinary and irresistible to me. It is nothing short of Calcutta's acknowledged belle, Sir Howard Plunkett's daughter."

"That sounds like a tale from the Arabian Nights."

"Then I hope I may find Alladin's wonderful lamp. Last year when at Amritsar, during the riots, I had the good fortune to extricate Miss Plunkett from a dangerous position. She had foolishly gone to stay with some friends in an out of the way place. Her father on hearing of the outbreak wired for his daughter to be brought in. I was at a loose end at the moment as the military had taken affairs into their own hands, so I offered to ride out with a sergeant of police and escort the lady in. It was a pretty tough job, and we were just in the nick of time. Miss Plunkett considers that I saved her life; and, well, I lost my heart over it. Sir Howard, however, was very angry when he heard of our friendship, and has forbidden me the house; but I have reasons to believe that the girl returns my affection."

McLeod looked at the handsome, well-knit figure opposite him, that suggested all that was manly, and did not wonder if the girl's gratitude should deepen into feelings of admiration and love.

"And has Sir Howard repented?" he asked.

"I don't think repentance is in his vocabulary. He is a hard business man," answered Macpherson; "but being head of big banking concern he has been hit very hard by the rise in the price of silver. At present the intrinsic value of the rupee is worth more than its surface value, and it is being melted down in large quantities. The banks are being drained of their silver.

"Some schemers are at work, and clever ones, too, for they do not show their hand. Only a small proportion of the coin put in circulation comes back to the bank; the rest is being raked in. Sir Howard is almost in a frenzy of impatience. He was told that I was the one person best able to solve the mystery. I had an interview with him, and he was very urgent that I should devote my whole energies to the matter. 'Look here,' he said, on my leaving, 'I know of your friendship with my daughter. Run these rascals to earth for me and I will withdraw my veto. I will let you come and see her, and take your chance with the other suitors. She shall be left to make her own choice; but first deliver the heads of these silver grabbers.' It is my one chance to win his favor, and I mean to concentrate my whole energy on discovering the conspiracy. Already great heaps of silver must be stored somewhere in Calcutta; anyway, the price mounts up daily, and the shortage of coin is rapidly increasing."

"Have you no clew?" asked McLeod.

"None, except that this money is not being drawn out in big sums but thru the usual channels. That reveals a master mind. The rogue knows how to cover up his tracks."

"He will need considerable brains if he is to escape your clutches," laughed McLeod.

"And I will want a few more fingermarks before I can get started on his trail," replied Macpherson as he rose to take his leave.

"Well, good luck to you, and be sure and give me sufficient warning for that wedding present," was his host's cheery farewell.

III.

SIX days later Macpherson entered McLeod's office. There was an unusual exhilaration in his manner, and an approach to a beaming smile on his face. This indicated suppressed excitement, for his features were so well kept in hand that they never betrayed thought or feeling. Now they had broken slightly out of control.

"I have picked up the scent," he said. "That old fakir has been making use of his eyes, and he has discovered a secret, which he is prepared to sell. I am just going off to bargain with him now. He shall get his own price. Will you come along with me in my car? It was your talking about him that put things into my head. I began to wonder why he had chosen that unsuitable stance and why he should be growing fat on it. There must be a cause for even a fakir growing corpulent. I sent a detective to interview him. It was difficult at first to make headway, but when the old fellow smelt rupees he began to hint that he knew something about the silver mystery. He wanted, however, to know how much we were willing to give for his information. Of course a good deal will depend on what it is. He indicated that he was already in receipt of hush money, so we must be prepared to outbid those who are interested in keeping the matter secret. Anyhow it is a clew, and a good one."

"Yes, you seem to have hit the right trail. I will be delighted to come with you," McLeod responded, as rising from his desk he went out with his friend.

"And now about the other affair; what headway are you making?" McLeod asked as they raced across the Maidan. "Is Sir Howard Plunkett as unyielding as ever?"

"He is putting the screw on with a vengeance," was the bitter reply. "Unless I can solve this mystery within ten days and discover where the silver is going, my chance of even seeing his daughter is doomed."

"In fact he has set a time limit? . . . The hard-headed and harder-hearted old villain," laughed McLeod.

"He is a man who keeps his word, even tho it may be uttered in the most off-hand way; but he has introduced another kind of goad which is worse," was Macpherson's complaint.

"What is that?"

"He has that Captain Warden about the house the whole time. The captain goes out constantly driving and motoring with Eva. It is quite clear Sir Howard is running him."

"What sort of chap is he? Yes, I have noticed him with Miss Plunkett."

"He comes of a good family, but when that is said there is not much more left to add," was the sarcastic comment of Macpherson. "He is making piles of money just now, for Samarendra Tarkabhusan has him in tow. He has made him the figurehead of one of his companies, his most respectable one. There is nothing wrong in his being chairman, for the concern is honest enough. It runs a big fleet of trading dhows up and down the rivers; but it is Samarendra's money that backs the show, and makes the big salaries and dividends possible. I expect that the old rogue has other aims than cash gains in this stunt. He wants its air of respectability to camouflage his other unholy activities, and Warden is a fool to play into his hands, tho it may fill his pockets for the moment."

"Does Sir Howard know this?" asked McLeod with new interest.

"If he does, he blinks at it; and he is bound to have some knowledge."

"Then, cheer up, Macpherson. Be certain of this, he is only running this Captain Warden as a dark horse. He is not the kind of man to let his daughter marry one who has made a doubtful connection. He wants to give you a fright, that's all."

"Well, one never knows what might happen. You see, Eva and I have never spoken of love. We have never had the chance. It is only my intuition that tells me that she cares for me, but how can she guess that my devotion is so real?"

"A woman does not require either to guess or be told. She has a wireless installation in her heart that registers the unseen waves of love. She knows when a man is in love with her without the aid of words."

"You are a very cheering prophet," Macpherson responded, allowing a faint smile to reveal his pleasure. "Anyhow, now that we are on a close scent it may not be many hours before I have earned my privilege of going straight to Eva.

"And if you do that you will win. She can't refuse you. You were madeto get your own way," interrupted McLeod, and his tones conveyed the admiration he felt for his friend.

With a swing they turned into Hodson road, and went bounding along a street lined with shady compounds, and roofs hiding behind the foliage.

"It is at the top end of the street where the fakir has chosen his stance. He seems as rooted to the spot as the houses themselves, and squats there from dawn to dusk without a move," said Macpherson. "We should be seeing him directly."

But there was no fakir in sight. They pulled up at the place to find the usual stance vacant.

Macpherson called a policeman and made inquiries. The fakir had been there until an hour before, when he had strangely vanished. No one had seen him walking away, and the policeman had not the faintest idea whither he had gone.

"This looks like the hidden hand," said Macpherson with some dismay, as he compressed his lips. "Some one knows our moves and is playing against us. I have been too long in this game not to know its signs. We shall have to search the whole of Calcutta for this fakir, for now I am more convinced than ever that he is the key of the position."

"That's a big job,'" replied McLeod, feeling that it was really hopeless.

"I will get him and before the ten days are expired," Macpherson retorted; but the ominous grinding of his teeth as he spoke showed that he, too, realized that it was to be a big job.

IV.

EIGHT of the ten days had gone, and McLeod was wondering whether there was still any chance of his friend succeeding. He sat smoking alone after dinner, thinking over the situation.

"It is jolly hard lines on the poor fellow if he loses his girl owing to circumstances over which he has no control. If Sir Howard applied his common sense to the marriage of his daughter in the way he does to his business he would recognize that a son-in-law of Macpherson's caliber would be a guarantee of greater happiness than that of a man whose only recommendation was his lakhs* or his name," was how he soliloquized.

Then he heard a step on the verandah, and turned around to find the subject of his thoughts approaching. Macpherson was a changed man. He was worn and haggard, and McLeod felt that his question was superfluous:

"Well, what success?"

"Worse than none," was the gloomy response, as his visitor sank heavily into a chair. "I have put my foot hopelessly into it, and made the greatest blunder of my life. My chances are finished as far as Eva is concerned, and my career in Calcutta is ruined. I have driven Sir Howard into a blinding rage, and evoked all the furies that influence and wealth can produce."

"That sounds startling. Whatever have you done?" asked McLeod anxiously.

"I was driven to desperation by the sight of Captain Warden and Eva constantly motoring, and by the anger which my lack of success had aroused in Sir Howard. I had exhausted every means of discovering that fakir. He has been completely spirited away."

"Is there no trace of him in Calcutta?" interrupted McLeod in his concern.

"No, nor in any town or village within reach. I have had all the fakirs reported on thruout the whole Presidency, and even been aided by the cooperation of the police in Bombay and Madras. If the man were alive—anywhere—I should have found some trace of him. Then I determined to take a leap in the dark, and act on pure guesswork. The fact that the fakir had squatted as near to Samarendra's residence, the eagerness of that worthy to have him removed, and the disappearance taking place at his very gates, convinced me that he was not guiltless in the matter."

"Right you are," exclaimed McLeod. "From the first I was suspicious of him."

"I am glad that my action does not appear so unreasonable to you. I had no proofs, only well-grounded suspicion. In fact I was positive that my guess was correct. I had influence enough to secure a warrant for search, tho I was warned that if I was mistaken I would get the whole department into a bad scrape. But I was cocksure, and in order to give the suspected man no time to hide his guilt, raided his house at once with a party of our most skilled detectives. Of course, Samarendra worked himself into a blazing fury of indigna-

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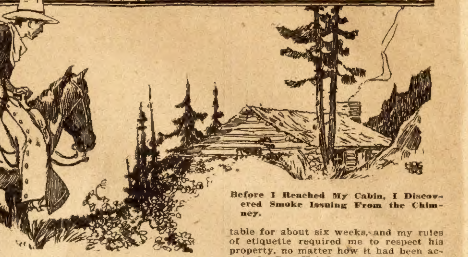
*Thousands of rupees.

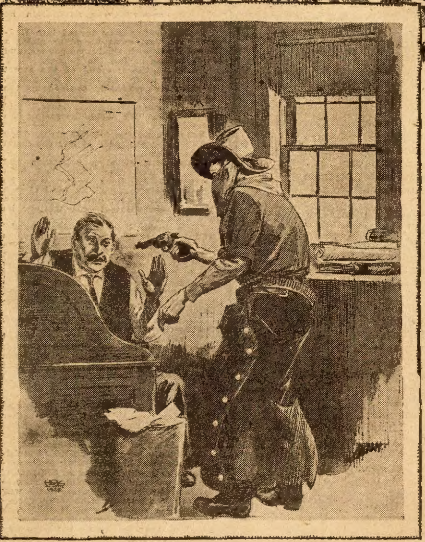
(Continued on Page 15.)

An Honest Thief

by Alfred Westfall



Before I Reached My Cabin, I Discovered Smoke Issuing From the Chimney.



I Dropped Into the Private Office of Mr. Elbert Elbertson, I Presented My Bill for Collection.

"THERE is only one honest profession left any more, and that's stealin'," remarked "Sandhill" Martin, ex-outlaw and reformed highwayman. "But even that's becomin' corrupted now and carried on in such a legal manner that honest thieves are becomin' scarce."

"You sure there ain't some fallacy in your system of morals?" I inquired. "There can be legal stealin', I'll admit, but honest stealin' is as impossible as a wake without refreshments."

"Nevertheless, it's so," asserted Martin. "There are just two ways of unrighteously acquirin' another man's belongings. They're both stealin', but one's honest; the other's dishonest."

"Are you prepared to make specifications?" I remarked.

"I am and I ought to know," discloses Sandhill. "I've been legally dishonestly robbed ever since I spent my first penny for arsenic colored candy. And for six years I was hunted all over seven states for honestly, and illegally, assimilatin' property claimed by my fellow mortals. I suppose I've held up over two hundred people, but there ain't no man, livin' or dead, can say I ever robbed him dishonestly. I've always been fair and open. I gave people their choice of handin' over sordid gains to me or lettin' the inheritance-tax collector and their heirs quarrel over them.

"My case illustrates honest stealin'. Dishonest stealin' don't need no illustratin' in this day of legalized grafts. But to be particular, we'll take the case of Holofernes Pike—Professor Holofernes Pike, as he denominates himself. He was the most dishonest thief I've ever fried bacon with. He was so saturated with dishonesty that he wasn't even honest about his dishonest methods of bein' dishonest.

"A coincidence brought me and Holofernes together. This was the desire that struck us both about the same time, to make our addresses unknown. Up to that time I hadn't committed any illegal violations of the law.

"I was punchin' cattle along the foothills. One day I rode over to the Lone Woman gold mine. There I discovered Elbert Elbertson, owner and operator. This same Elbert Elbertson had come into my home county back in Indiana two years before under the title of Prof. E. Haviland Southworth. He persuaded my poor widowed ma to mortgage her farm to invest in some sure-thing oil wells he was goin' to dig. Does he use this money in any such scheme to encroach on the business of the Standard Oil people? He does not. He comes out here, steals this mine from a poor lone woman, and uses my ma's money to start diggin'.

"Elbert Elbertson was makin' piles of money and becomin' high and mighty. People referred to him as one of the leadin' citizens of the community. It sort of cankered on my senses of justice to see this here woman pirate prosperin' on the proceeds of his legal graft while I was havin' a hard time bein' honest and earnin' a livin' at the same time. I decided that I was entitled to a little interest on this investment ma made with him and I commenced plannin' means of collectin'.

"I located a deserted prospector's cabin in an undiscovered draw in an inaccessible place back in an unknown part of the mountains. I knew a visitin' female relative couldn't find me there, let alone the arms of the law. So I elected this abandoned bungalow my summer cottage and packed up three months' provisions. Then I rode over to the Lone Woman mine one afternoon and dropped into the private office of Mr. Elbert Elbertson. I presented my bill for collection. In fact, I shoved it right up under his nose. It was hard and cold and had a hole in the end of it. It caused Mr. Elbert Elbertson to become quite excited, but very docile. I left Elbert gagged and tied in a chair while I grabbed up eight thousand dollars worth of pay dirt and hiked back up in the hills to spend a few weeks in my summer cottage. Fame is only temporary, so I figured it would be easier for me to get out of the country after people had begun to forget about me.

"I stopped about a mile from my domicile and cached my spoils of war. Before I reached my cabin, I discovered smoke issuing from the chimney. At first I felt like I had stuck my foot out for a step in the dark and missed it. I decided to take a chance and rode up to see who was enjoyin' my hospitality and made the acquaintance of Professor Holofernes Pike. Holofernes was as kind and honest lookin' as a Pilgrim father and as bald-headed as a bartender. He appeared as free from guilt as an old maid on leap year and lots more innocent and trustful. Bein' so far removed from the haunts of men and so lackin' in a desire for company, was credentials for both of us.

"Holofernes was an author in pursuit of local color. In fact, he preferred his color very local. He had just published a history of the county. Most of the male inhabitants of the community had paid from twenty-five to one hundred dollars to be pictured among the leadin' citizens and wrote up with appropriate remarks. It was a perfectly legal scheme, but when the natives seen the illustrations in that alleged work of literature, they got all het up. Every one of them prominent citizens laid aside his family duties and went out to seek a glimpse of this new knight of the pen. Some of them took along their ropes and shootin' irons. Holofernes heard them a-comin' and beat them into the brush by half a mile. Every time he stepped out from behind a tree or showed his head above a bowlder, some one took a shot at him. He just had to keep goin' deeper into the mountains all the time. He was lost and about half starved when he came across my summer home. Findin' the bill of fare to his likin', he decided to linger about in the mountains until another best seller came out and the people quit talkin' about his contribution to American literature, or blotterature, as Jade Williams designated it.

"NO TWO fellows was ever more calculated to get along better in solitude than me and Holofernes, because there was nothin' we agreed on. We always had something to dispute about and we argued continuously about everything from booze and ladies to poetry and music. Our ideas about things was entirely different, and most especially did we separate on this question of stealin'.

"Holofernes was the legalest, dishonestest, low-downest thief west of the Rocky Mountains. He never had an honest thought, that man. He was always contrivin' ways and means, and they was all mean ways, of beguilin' the poor people and widows to invest their last dollar in orange orchards in the Everglades or schemes to irrigate the Sahara Desert.

"'There ain't no use placin' yourself outside the pale of the law when there is so many legal ways of stealin',' argues Holofernes. 'People is always willin' to mortgage everything they've got and invest in any kind of scheme, if you just promise them enough profit.'

"'Such degenerate methods of piracy ain't honorable,' I observes. 'They ain't honest. You're makin' your source of revenue think he ain't bein' robbed until he wakes up afterward. Now I go up to a citizen and relieve him of his ornament and medium of exchange in a straight, practical way. He knows that he is bein' robbed.'

"'But it ain't legal,' Holofernes denies. 'You can be arrested for it.'

"'It's honest and self-respectin',' I sustains.

"'You represent labor,' speculates Holofernes. 'I am an example of the entrepreneur, the organizer of industry, the man of brains. I've been a professor of phrenology, sold plated jewelry, and manufactured cocaine catarrh cures, but I've never deliberately stole no money from nobody. I've always given them something in return, if it wasn't nothin' more than the title to the coral in the Japanese Ocean. I've always been legal in all my transactions. You're still livin' in the stone age. You've never learned to apply anything but brute force to your work.

"And so we argued back and forth for six weeks. During this time we was devastin' our food supply. Some days it appeared to me that that food went uncommon fast, but I didn't say nothin'. When it began to run low, we drew up plans for movin' to some distant center of industry where we could dispose of our unearned increment to some legalized graft, such as buckin' a loaded faro wheel or speculatin' in the stock market. I knew Holofernes had his sordid treasures laid away some place where he could get them quick, but I never made no inquiries about them. He had been eatin' salt, and everything else, at my table for about six weeks, and my rules of etiquette required me to respect his property, no matter how it had been acquired. But Holofernes wasn't encumbered with any such scruples. The more friendly he was with any one, the more certain you could be that he was plottin' against that which could be corrupted by moth and rust and removed by thieves.

"About two days before we was to depart, he opened up a conversation on the art of hypnotism.

"'There ain't no such thing. It's another one of them legal fakes,' I opinions.

"'Brother Martin,' he responds, 'it can't be denied. My eyes have seen it and my ears have heard it. It's the communication of mind with mind, the mastery of the higher forms of intelligence over the lower.'

"'You sound like the advertisement of a mind reader,' I insinuates. 'The next thing you will be tellin' me that I'm goin' on a long journey.'

"'Now let your mind remain open to the discoveries of modern science and I'll explain it to you,' he continues.

"'You can't convince me,' I admits, 'that those fellows that get up on the stage and bark like a chicken and hop like a toad ain't paid for it.'

"'They are not,' he insists.

"'Then why do they do it?' I asserts.

"'They can't help it. They're under the power of hypnotism. They have to do whatever the hypnotizer tells them to.'

"'Then why don't they hop in when the hypnotizer turns them loose and shoot him up for havin' them make fools of themselves when they can't help themselves?'

"'They don't know nothin' about it. They don't remember nothing that's happened when they come to. The mesmerizer works thru their sub-conscious mind.'

"'How does he get this sub-conscious mind to actin'?' I requests.

"'It's the power of suggestion,' explains Holofernes, rollin' up his sleeves. 'The mesmerizer places the mesmerizee in a comfortable position,' he narrates, rollin' up my coat for a pillow and layin' my head back against the wall and puttin' my feet on the water pail. 'Then the experimenter causes the experimentee to gaze steadily at some object, say this diamond,' he continues, holdin' his paste diamond ring before me. 'Then the hypnotizer suggests sleep to the hypnotizee, gazin' straight into his eyes thus. Now you're gettin' drowsy already. Your eyelids is becoming heavy.'

"It was right after dinner and I was sort of sleepy. I began to nod and I didn't seem to have any desire to keep from goin' to sleep. The last thing I remember Holofernes was still makin' passes before my eyes and tellin' me I was asleep.

"It was considerable later when I woke up. Holofernes was still standin' there makin' passes and kickin' the dirt from his shoes.

"'Been asleep, ain't you?' he sneers.

"'It 'pears that way,' I agrees with him for once. 'I must have et too much of that hoe-cake for dinner. How long have I been gone?'

"'Oh, just a few minutes,' orates the professor. He seemed quite certain about the time.

"'Peculiar the sun should travel so fast in them few minutes,' I testifies.

"'We must have had dinner late,' he deduces, brushin' the dust off his pants.

"I noticed dirt on my own shoes and I felt sort of suspicious about that sleep, but I didn't say nothing. Holofernes don't refer to this hypnotism no more and seems anxious to avoid the subject whenever I tries to argue with him about it.

"The next day we get ready to leave.

"'I prognosticates I had better wend my way alone,' insinuates Holofernes. 'To be apprehended in the company of an escapin' outlaw might cast reflections on my character.'

"'You're right,' I stampedes. 'If any of them natives that bought this here book of yours ever seen me with you they'd hang me sure.'

"SO WE parted company with proper affection. Holofernes headed northeast. I sneaked down the river about a mile, dug up my dust and pulled straight south. I thought things didn't look just right at first, but there was them buckskin bags, tied up just like I left them, so I loaded them into my saddle bags and got to

(Continued on Page 15.)

Their Alice-blue Gowns

By Lavina C. K. Roscoe

JOHNNIE WINSLOW came, whistling, into the silk dress-goods department.

The early spring morning was glorious; and he had walked downtown with Phillipa May.

The assistant manager looked up with a scowl. His response to Johnnie's cheerful "Good-morning," was a grunt, and Johnnie's heart sank as he suddenly realized that all the sunny warmth and brightness of the day was outside.

"You're some salesman," barked the assistant manager.

Which one of his blunders had just come to light, Johnnie wondered, anxiously. He waited, with a feeble effort at an air of nonchalance, for the storm to break.

"You remember selling a man in Trenton six pieces of number 250MZ—Alice-blue satin—about two weeks ago?"

Johnnie's heart leaped. That wasn't a blunder. It was a sale that the head salesman could have viewed with pride. He had closed out a number that was a bad sticker—and to a buyer who was notoriously difficult to interest.

The firm was probably going to raise his wages. When they raised him to thirty-five per he could ask Phillipa May to marry him. Swiftly he visioned a rosy future. A cosy suburban home, with Phillipa as his bride—steady advancement here. He saw himself at the assistant manager's desk——

"Yes, sure, I remember that sale," he said aloud.

"If there's a bigger fool in the universe than you, that Trenton man's him," continued the assistant manager with bitter directness. "You quoted him our price—five dollars—and he thought you meant that was the price per piece. Now, when he's found out that it's the price per yard, he sends back the goods and writes to me like a Dutch uncle, for what he calls our shyster methods of selling!"

Johnnie felt himself grow hot, then cold. As in a dream, he heard the assistant manager's ultimatum.

"It's up to you, now, to get rid of those six pieces. That was the first decent sale you ever made, and now it turns out to be just another one of your dumb-headed blunders. This is supposed to be a jobbing house, not an asylum for the feeble-minded. If you can't sell goods you'd better go digging ditches for a living. This firm isn't handing you twenty-five a week out of charity, or because they like your looks."

Angry, mortified and completely disheartened, Johnnie took his sample cases and went out. Instead of earning a raise he was facing the probability of being "fired." His feet were like lead, and he dreaded, unspeakably, the ordeal of facing buyer after buyer; of talking his head off, and of being contemptuously turned down.

The air, when he reached the street, was chilly. The sun had gone under a cloud and a damp breeze had sprung up.

He had called on the first buyer on his list; had met with the curt refusal he expected, and was trying to work up courage for the second trial, when—"Oh, passing sweet"—he saw Phillipa May coming down the street toward him.

"'Smatter, Johnnie-boy?" she greeted him. "You look as glum as a stewed rabbit—and such a lovely day!"

"The sun's gone under a cloud," Johnnie informed her.

Phillipa laughed. "I hadn't discovered it," she said. "Never mind. It'll shine again, pretty soon."

They fell in step, and presently Johnnie was telling her of the Trenton buyer who had mistaken the price per yard for the price per piece.

She laughed so merrily at the mistake that it began to look humorous to him. When he came to the next buyer the joke was on his tongue's end. The laugh it raised opened the way for him to show forth the really beautiful Alice-blue, and quite easily he landed an order for two pieces of the unlucky satin. With a trifle more difficulty he sold another piece a little later, and the last buyer he visited that day reluctantly gave him an order for the fourth.

"It's really a wonderful satin," Johnnie confided to Phillipa on the way to the movies that evening. "It ought to sell—good. But it's a bit too rich for our trade. A dollar-ninety-eight's about their limit."

He gazed at the girl's bright hair and blue eyes.

"My, a dress of it would look fine on you," he remarked.

Phillipa laughed, good-naturedly.

"I know it would," she asserted, cheerfully. "I could afford five yards of it at the wholesale price. But I couldn't buy a whole piece."

"Is five yards a good dress-length?" asked Johnnie. A bright idea was beginning to form itself in his mind. "Then there are ten dress-lengths in a piece, aren't there?"

"In a fifty-yard piece there are, indeed," assented Phillipa, gravely.

"Then, if you want it," he went on eagerly, "you can have your five-yard length. I'm sure I can get nine other women to order a dress-length each."

"I'd love to have it," said Phillipa, "but get your nine other orders first, before you cut mine. I'd hate to see you left with nine-tenths of a piece of silk on your hands, because of me."

"Don't worry," said Johnnie. His idea was growing.

In his room that night he figured out the entire possibility.

There were eight ladies, including Phillipa, among Mrs. Smith-Jones' paying guests. He knew them all, well.

There was also Mrs. Smith-Jones, who was quite fond of him, and Minnie, the waitress, with whom he pulled a great stroke.

Altogether, there were under the same roof with him ten women who were good prospects. One of them really wanted an Alice-blue satin gown for Easter. The other nine would have to be led, like lambs to the sacrifice, to satisfy the desire of that one. The ease with which they were led was surprising to Johnnie.

The desire of having an Easter gown of the best quality of satin, for twenty-five dollars, strongly appealed to the ladies, and also to Minnie, the waitress. Each one of them could sew, or had a sister or cousin who could make up the gown in a manner that challenged the high-priced costumers.

Each of them, in turn, gave Johnnie her order for a dress-length of the satin, only upon one condition: that he should not tell any of "those cats in the house here," that she had bought it.

"It's the hardest thing," each one confided to Johnnie, "to get a thing to wear without having everybody in the house know all about it before I've had a chance to wear it once."

Even Minnie, the waitress, adjured him:

"Yer needn't be tellin' Mrs. Smith-Jones nor any of the ladies here that I've bought me this satin. They're that behind the times they think a woikin' goil oughter walk aroun' in a calico dress."

Cheerfully did Johnnie promise secrecy, and faithfully did he keep his word. Not even to Phillipa did he confide the fact that the other nine buyers of the Alice-blue satin were all under Mrs. Smith-Jones' hospitable roof. Her delight at being able to have the coveted dress-length for her own Easter gown gave Johnnnie as much pleasure as did his final sale of the sixth and last piece of the "sticker."

"One of these days you'll be a salesman, Johnnie," remarked the assistant manager, quite frankly, when the last piece was shipped.

EASTER Sunday morning was all that Easter should be—a perfect setting for a new Alice-blue satin gown.

Johnnie was to take Phillipa to the cathedral, and he rose early, happy as a lark. He had made several good sales lately. He would not be fired. And perhaps the firm would soon raise him. When he reached thirty-five per week he could ask Phillipa to marry him.

Several times during the various ceremonies of bathing, shaving and arraying himself in his best he thought he heard voices in the lower hall. Loud voices, raised to a shrill and angry pitch. Several times he thought that he caught his own name flung upon the air. But he was so engrossed with his own very pleasant thoughts that hearing, he heard not, neither did he heed.

When at last his careful toilet was accomplished and his neck-tie tied exactly right, he stepped out of his room, new hat in hand, new spring overcoat over his arm, and the smile-that-won't-year-off on his face.

Simultaneously as he opened his door, Mrs. Smith-Jones' door and the door of a lady "guest" on the opposite side of the hall were flung open. Both ladies were arrayed in their Alice-blue gowns, but neither of them looked pleased.

"Good-morning, ladies," was Johnnie's cheerful greeting. "Beautiful morning, isn't it?"

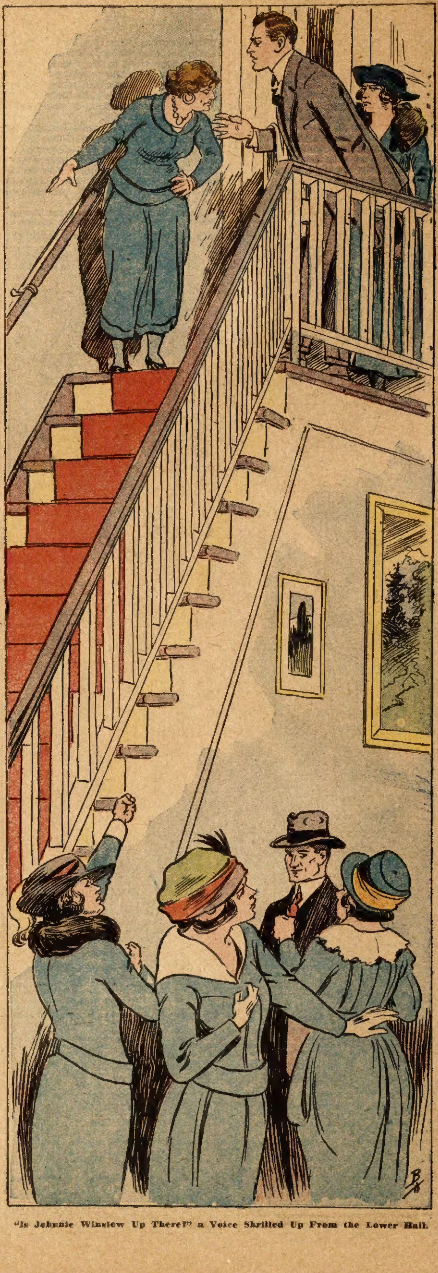
"Johnnie Winslow," began the lady guest, without preliminary, "do you think your conduct is funny?"

"Mr. Winslow," said Mrs. Smith-Jones, witheringly, "the guests in my house are supposed to be gentlemen, except when they happen to be ladies——"

"Is Johnnie Winslow up there?" a voice shrilled up from the lower hall. An instant later an irate lady clad in an Alice-blue satin gown was coming up the stairs, two at a time. After her came another, and another. The halls and stairways seemed filled with Alice-blue gowns, and all of them were talking fast and furiously, scolding Johnnie Winslow. Johnnie Winslow stood at bay in his doorway, dumbfounded and utterly abashed.

In the midst of the turmoil Phillipa

(Concluded on Page 26.)



"Is Johnnie Winslow Up There?" a Voice Shrilled Up From the Lower Hall.

The Girl God Made *for* Jones

By Mary Carolyn Davies

YOU probably won't believe this story. When we tie a wet towel around our brains, and think up, and puzzle out, and elaborate intricate mechanical plots for you, you say, "How realistic!" But when we simply sharpen our pencils and take down the stories that Nature makes up for you, you say they're not true to life.

So, as I said, you probably won't believe this story. I wouldn't have believed it myself if I were to hear it now. And Jones certainly wouldn't have, if it had not happened to him.

The first thing Jones did when the train was wrecked was to swear. He swore in Tegala. He always said it was more satisfying than swearing in English, because, altho the Tegalic words were not essentially wicked in themselves, they were so very connotative. I believed Jones when he told me this, for he had just upset an ink bottle over his tennis flannels. And the little oration Jones made was strongly connotative, to say the least.

He swore not so much because the train had calmly walked off the trestle, as because the place it had chosen to walk off in seemed to be a river of some kind, and the water was rising in the car which penned them with a rapidity which, to say the least, was disconcerting.

Presently it occurred to Jones to wonder if he were the Robinson Crusoe of the bunch—there had not been many people on the train, anyway—so he shouted, "Is anybody there?"

"I—I—think so," came a voice out of the darkness, close at his elbow.

It was a very frightened voice, and it evidently belonged to a girl. Now, according to all rules of romance and sudden meetings and love-at-first-sight etiquette, the voice should have been what George Eliot, William Shakespeare, or somebody, calls "soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in a woman." But this voice, tho very feminine, sounded as if it could call out, "Thirty Love," or even a few golf terms on occasion. But to Jones it was an "excellent thing" and all the rest of the quotation, just then.

"Where are you?" he shouted then, and the Voice laughed a little. The laugh had little trembly places in it, as if it hadn't quite decided whether to be a laugh or a sob.

"I—don't—know," she said truthfully. Neither did Jones.

They knew only that they found themselves penned down, with the water coming up swiftly, and they knew that when the water got a little higher they would be drowned like blind kittens in a sack. The bitter part of it was that there was absolutely nothing they could do. Help was too far away to come in time.

The girl was a plucky little thing, and Jones stuck to keeping up a conversation, with the courage of the Titanic orchestra.

"Do you mind dying?" he asked once, quite as if he were asking her if she cared for olives, or took sugar in her tea.

"Well, it isn't that I mind dying, so much," she answered frankly, "but I don't like being dead. Do you?"

Jones did not. And he said so. Not so emphatically and vividly as he would have liked to say it, of course.

"You know," she said abruptly, with an apologetic little laugh, "at high school we used to have a debating society, and the president would call upon us for impromptus. I don't mind preparing a speech—at least not much"—she qualified conscientiously—"but I always did think impromptus were taking a mean advantage. Death's like that, isn't it? Some people have time to die grandly, while some of us are just—called on impromptu."

Presently she wondered, dreamily what Heaven would be like. Jones wanted to say it seemed very like Heaven to him there with her, but as he had not been properly introduced to her yet, he felt that it would not be quite the thing to do.

He had a vague idea that it was the proper thing to say on such occasions, so he asked timidly, "Are you ready to die?"

"Oh, no!" she answered quickly. "I haven't seen Europe yet, and I was just learning to skate backwards. I can't cross my feet at the corners, but——" She stopped, and her sigh was half-whimsical, half-regretful.

"It's a shame," he sympathized, "that this didn't happen a week or so later. These companies really make no effort to accommodate their passengers."

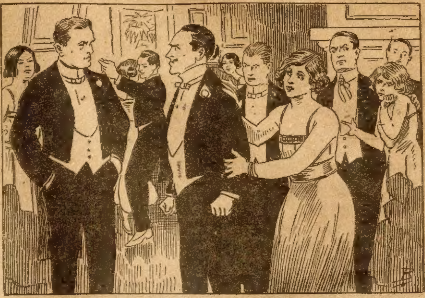
She dimpled. He could not see her, of course. But you can always tell by the sound if a girl's laugh if she has dimples.

"Was there anything you wanted to do first?" she asked, not that she cared, but just to say the proper thing.

He laughed shortly. "Everything," he answered briefly.

After a silence that lasted quite a minute, she remarked: "I suppose you don't care to elucidate?"

"You see," he explained, "I was just on my way home from the Service—a lonely post in the Philippines. Just two white men of us—Barrett and I. Four years of it." He was far away now, three thousand miles and several months away. The girl was silent. He went on presently: "And every night of those four years I dreamed of coming home, and seeing American girls again. There wasn't any particular girl, you understand. There never was. It was only that we were hungry to see white women again. Why, do you know what Barrett and I used to dream of, as we smoked and watched the water every minute? You can stand it thru the day, when you've your work to do, and must keep your head and your pulses steady. But the evenings and the nights—my God, the nights——"



When They Disentangled the Victims Jones' Pardner Spoke to Him About the Incident.

The girl did not interrupt him, and presently he went on, in a lighter tone. "We used to say what we wished most. Of course, it sounds childish to you—it would to any one in his senses—but we were starved for companionship, for beauty. We wished for a big dance hall for just ourselves, with as many partners as we wanted."

The girl in the dark was affected by this; she didn't know whether it shocked her or not, but it counted, coming from him; for he was the last man in the world to care about girls, ordinarily. She knew. She could tell by his voice just what kind of a man he was. There are not so many types of men as of girls, you know.

"And now, just as I'm within a few hours of home——" he tried to laugh lightly, and almost succeeded.

"I'll never get to talk with those girls now," he regretted, after a moment.

"There'll be the angels," she sympathized instantly. "They may not be very good company, but they are very beautiful." She spoke with the grave conviction of one upon intimate terms with the angels.

The water was creeping up very close now, and they both knew that it was only a question of seconds.

"We might as well say good-by now," the girl said. There was a pathetic little question mark in her voice, and Jones responded to it.

"Yes," he said, "there's no hope. I'll keep your head up out of the water as long as I can, but there's only a minute or two left, at the best. Well, we're not afraid." Then, "Since we're both certain to die in the next ten minutes," he said, and stopped. She waited. The black water crept higher exultantly.

"I—never kissed a girl in my life," said Jones simply, "and—I'd like, just once before I die, to see how it would feel. May I kiss you good-by?"

The world was perfectly still for as much as a second. Then, out of the dark, a very little voice said, "Since we're dying, it can't be very wrong, can it?"

Somehow, in the blackness, his lips found hers. I can't tell you how Jones felt, because he says it couldn't be described. And Jones ought to know. And I can't tell you how the girl felt. But I will tell you this, that she had been born and brought up in New England. So perhaps you can guess.

THE next thing Jones saw was the kalsomined, dead-white wall of a hospital ward.

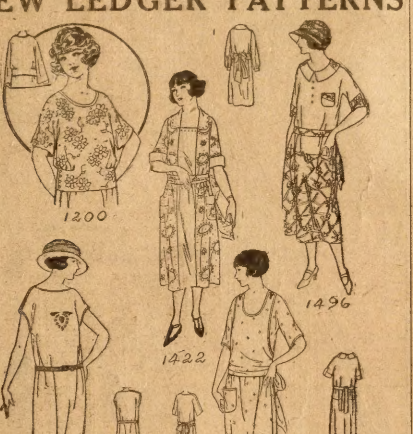
Now, all his life Jones had had a great scorn for the weakness of those people who said, "Where am I?" when they stopped fainting. In fact, he held it truth that no one in real life ever did say such a thing.

"It's all a silly fancy of these bally novelists," he would remark. "You can't see a play or read a novel without some one insanely opening his eyes and saying, 'Where am I?' As if it mattered in the least where he was. It's simply sickening."

Jones had spent much brain power thinking up suitable and rational opening remarks to make if he should ever have a fainting fit or be hit on the head. He actually, I believe, craved an accident, so he could have a chance to spring upon the unsuspecting populace a perfectly logical sentence when he came to.

And now, as he opened his bruised eyes, with the doctor and nurse watching him eagerly, he—Jones, the logical, Jones the practical, Jones, who sat in the reserved seats of the scorners—said

NEW LEDGER PATTERNS



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weakly, "Where am I?" He was furious with himself. Then he began to swear, in Tegala, of course, but his tone so affected the trained nurse that she always looked upon Jones with an eye of mistrust after that.

Jones swore till his wasted strength gave out. Afterward an awful possibility occurred to me. "Jones," I said, "what if you really had died, and had waked up in Heaven, and then begun by swearing a blue streak like that?"

Jones looked frightened for a second. Then he cheered up. "But," he said, confidentially, "I knew right away it wasn't Heaven, because I saw Doctor Jeremy there." And I couldn't find any fault with Jones' reasoning either. I am acquainted with Doctor Jeremy myself.

But the girl—what of her? Jones thought of her the first second of his recovery—and every succeeding second for some months.

The doctor told him she was dead. It must have been the one, anyway. In the mix-up it was hard to find out much. All the other victims but Jones had gone on, and the girl was dead. At least, a girl was, and even Jones had to accept the evidence that it was the girl.

I think he could have forgotten the voice, but a kiss is the very mischief to get into a man's system, especially when one has never seen, and doesn't even know the name of the girl he has kissed.

They hadn't even thought to ask each other's names. I spoke about it to Jones once. "What could have been the use," he objected, "when we would never see each other alive? And if we met after death, names wouldn't matter."

Jones' sole object in life now was to find the girl. And he had no clew in the world except that her lips were like roses, and her voice like—but what's the use repeating it? You have heard men rave before. Jones wasn't even original. He plagiarized all the poets, from Omar down.

Every girl he met was but a potential girl of the wreck. He was the prince with the glass slipper, trying it on each girl, to see if she were Cinderella. Only the prince had it all over Jones, for Jones couldn't very well ask every girl to whom he was introduced, "Pardon me, but haven't we kissed before?"

He used to listen eagerly to their voices, but he had almost given up, when he met Miss Merrill. They were having a two-step together. It was a very rollicking two-step. As they began to dance, she spoke, and Jones started. The Voice! But he knew he could tell better if it were in the dark; so, as he listened, he shut his eyes for an instant. Did you ever shut your eyes while doing a two-step, with a stout partner in a crowded room? You don't think it would be dangerous? Neither did Jones.

When they had disentangled the victims, Jones' partner spoke to him about the incident. And Jones was convinced that her voice was not the Voice. He wearied somewhat in the quest, and he said he had forgotten just what her voice sounded like, anyway.

Then, he had a suspicion that Miss Garland was the girl, and finally resolved to find out. He didn't quite know how to go about it.

"Miss Garland," he stammered, "were you—did you"—then, in desperation—"have you ever been kissed?"

"Oh, Mr. Jones," she said, "how dare you?" and held up her pretty lips coquettishly.

Jones escaped somehow, and it was then that he adopted the doctor's theory that the girl was dead.

JONES used to sit and dream of the Voice over his pipe. This was all very well, until finally he fell in love with a very real girl. Her name was Miss Armistead. Miss Armistead was not especially beautiful, she was not especially brilliant, she was not especially anything, except, the girl God made for Jones. I know, because Jones told me so.

Jones adored her, and she him. It was ideal in every way. Only, and here is where the trouble comes in, there was that diabolical kiss. Jones didn't dream of the Voice any more, but how could he ever tell the Real Girl about that kiss? She might not understand. The girl you are engaged to, so often does not understand such things, you know.

Of course, he would not tell her if he could help it, but this is what buffaloed Jones. The men at the club had told him that a girl always says, "Am I the first girl you ever kissed?" So if the real girl asked him that, what was Jones to do? He would not lie to the girl.

So, tho they were engaged, Jones had never asked for a kiss. Miss Armistead sometimes wondered at it a little. She was only human.

She spoke of it to her most intimate girl friend one night, after a dance, when they were doing up their hair. The girl friend had met Jones. "Perhaps," she hazarded, "perhaps he doesn't know how."

It had to happen sometime, of course. One evening, when there was a moon, Jones lost his head and kissed her. She was very still for a second. Jones almost dared to hope. Then, "Phil, dear," said Miss Armistead, "am I the first girl you ever kissed?" She couldn't help it. Girls are like that.

"Well, you see," began poor Jones, but she cut him short.

"Yes, or no, Phil," she insisted.

"No," he said; "but wait, dear, let me explain——" But Miss Armistead had heard enough. His little romance was over.

But the last drop in his humiliation was to come. It was at one of those idiotic amusement parks; both were in the same party, and they were all getting into one of the boats in the Old Mill. The boat was too small, and some one, unconscious of the quarrel, called out gaily, "You two will have to take the next boat!"

There was no help for it. A haughty and furious young lady stepped in, followed by a furious and haughty young man.

The machinery started, and they had got well into the black cavern, when there was a sudden jar, and the boat stopped. Outside, they were trying to start the thing, while within all was black and silent.

After a long while, the girl said, with a half-sob, "Phil, was she pretty?"

"Who?" cried out Jones, almost upsetting the boat.

"The other girl," sobbed she, and of course the only thing Phil could do was to persuade her that there never had been any other girl, and never would be. He told her the whole story, with the kiss as the climax.

"I asked her," his laugh was reminiscent, "if she were ready to die, and she said——"

"She said," Miss Armistead took up his sentence, "that she hadn't seen Europe yet, and she was learning to skate backwards."

Well, that's all. But sometimes I wonder what would have happened if the girl in the dark had not turned out to be Miss Armistead. Jones wakes up in the night sometimes, and wonders about it, too.

* * *

Paid in Kind.

"ALL out of roast beef," said the waiter calmly.

"How about the hash?" asked the hungry man, running his eye down the bill of fare.

"I'll see," replied the waiter. He returned promptly. "We can fix you up," he said. "Want anything to drink?"

"Bring me," said the hungry man, "a cup of black tea."

Then minutes passed, and the hungry man gazed wrathfully from the clock on the wall to the rear doorway thru which the waiter had disappeared when he took his order.

"Any old time will do," said the hungry man, when the waiter at last returned.

"We had to make up the hash," said the waiter, "and as for the tea, we hadn't any black tea and so I brought you green. Want any pie?"

The hungry man nodded. "Apple," he said.

The waiter shook his head. "All we've got left is mince pie. You shouldn't come so late," he added severely.

"Bring in the mince pie then," said the hungry man. "I hope you don't have to make that."

"Oh, no," replied the waiter cheerfully. "We had one piece left from yesterday."

He soon returned. "I'm sorry, but the cook threw that piece of pie away. I've brought you some cake."

The hungry man looked at the cake suspiciously. "I wonder why the cook didn't throw this away, too," he mused. "However, I'll risk it."

The waiter made out the check, and, as he did so, thoughtfully observed the hungry man who was rapidly demolishing the plate of hash. "I think you're getting that mince pie after all," said the waiter. "I remember now the cook said she would put it in the hash."

"It tastes worse than even that," said the hungry man. "This is surely a counterfeit meal. But, here's your money," and he tossed a coin on the counter and hastily left the restaurant.

The waiter gazed pensively after him and then inspected the coin more closely. A moment later he hurried to the door and gazed up and down the street, but the hungry man was gone.

"He said it was a counterfeit meal," laughed the waiter. "Well, that man was a humorist and a philosopher. He gave me a plugged quarter."

* * *

Too Much.

"DO YOU keep dog biscuits?" asked the man in the rubber coat.

"We have dog biscuits," answered the druggist, who had missed a deserved niche in vaudeville's living hall of fame, "but it is our desire to sell them. What size package?"

"I don't know," replied the man in the rubber coat. "My wife asked me to stop in here and get some, but I told her I did not think drug stores sold them. I supposed they were to be bought only at a bakery or delicatessen, the same as lady fingers or parker-house rolls. That woman of mine is a marvel. She always is right."

"All married women are marvels," declared the druggist, dusting off a package of the cakes. "The fact that they can live day in and day out with men who would be shunned by the electorate after a week's acquaintance proves that they are to be classed with such rare beings as fellows who can wiggle their ears or take a rabbit out of a brown derby hat. I am somewhat of a skeptic, but no one can tell me a tale of woman's acute powers of instinct for perception that will be too strong for me to accept as gospel truth. Take my wife, for instance. She can tell within a few cents what our gas bill will be before she gets a peep at the monthly statement. Any calculation I would make on the same matter would turn out to a 'wild pitch.'"

"Same as my wife," enthusiastically asserted the man in the rubber coat. "Our clock will stop now and then and she can wake up in the middle of the night and with absolutely nothing to guide her she is able to tell the correct time within a few minutes one way or the other. I've seen her do it often."

"That reminds me of an almost incredible feat my wife performs now and again," contributed the druggist. "When her church society decides to give a picnic or a lawn fete the committee always calls on her to fix the date of the proposed festivity, as she is able by some uncanny instinct to foretell just what kind of weather will prevail on any day in the not too remote future. I can't understand it."

"It's simply inexplicable," admitted the man in the rubber coat. "I hate to tell to everybody what I am about to say, for I am exceedingly jealous of my reputation as a man of truth and veracity, but I'll be struck stone blind if that little wife of mine did not, away last fall, accurately predict just what the style in woman's wear would be this month. She——"

"My good sir," interrupted the druggist, "when we started this little talk I was under the impression that I was conversing with a man who was capable of participating in a serious discussion of some of nature's wonderful, subtle ways as manifested thru the medium of lovely woman, but I see that you would have your end of our scientific chat degenerate into what you can no doubt call humor. Your wife may possibly know where dog biscuits can be procured, but when you try to tell me that she is able to foretell months in advance what the modes in woman's wear will be—bah, give me 20 cents and take away your biscuits."

* * *

Diurnal Amelioration.

THE formula of the Coue method of auto-suggestion is: Day by day in every way I am getting better and better. This might prove more effective if put into verse, as follows:

I have eighty separate ailments by the newest diagnosis,
Ranging all the way from fever to arteriosclerosis;
There are pains around my kidneys more severe than tongue can utter;
My digestion simply isn't and my heart has quite a flutter;
There is something bent or missing in the strongest of my vitals,
And the finest organ in me's off the key in its recitals;
Yet my mind is all unconquered and acknowledges no fetter,
For in spite of all my aches and pains, I know I'm getting better.
Oh! I'm really getting better, better, better, better, better.
Yes, I'm really getting better, nay, I'm really getting better;
So, I'm really getting better, better, better, better, better.

* * *

Nuggets of Information.

THERE are fewer woman barbers in the United States today than there were twenty years ago.

An institute for testing and studying metals has just been organized in Sweden.

More than three million pounds of Spanish mackerel are shipped from Key West yearly.

Radium will make a real diamond sparkle in the dark, while it has no effect on an imitation.

In a mine in the United States, a half mile deep, the temperature is 139 degrees.

It has been asserted that spiders possess a sensitiveness to musical sounds.

A vessel drawing ten feet rises two inches in passing from fresh water to salt.

Spanish girls who make the famous fans of Valcencia are paid about thirty-five cents a day.

Fire stands third as a cause for accidental deaths in the United States.

Japan's population increased more than 100 per cent between 1848 and 1918.

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This is really an extraordinary Offer! We have selected a Group of soft silky Iceland Foxes, in the lovely shades that are now in great demand. These foxes are full sized, large head, and have a very bushy tail. *Fur scarfs are very important items in the wardrobe of a Smart Dresser; you will be proud to wear one.*
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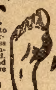
POLAR FUR MFG. CO.,
Dept. C. 54 East 14th St., N. Y. C.



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Just send your name for this startling new discovery that has at last put an end to all bunion suffering. I don't care how many remedies you have tried without success—nor how discouraged you may be—I will prove to you FREE, as I have to thousands of others, that this new amazing discovery absolutely ends the oldest, most stubborn bunion. Nothing like it was ever before conceived. It is entirely different.
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So simple it takes but a moment to apply—yet it works miracles. Suffering twinges stop at once. Redness and soreness end quickly. Inflammatory swelling is quickly dispersed. Don't suffer another day. Send name at once for *Free Trial* before this liberal offer is withdrawn.
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THE PERRY G. MASON CO., 861 Culvert & 5th St., Cincinnati, O. Founded 1897.

In Which Dunsany, Jewel Merchant, Becomes John Mattingly, Diamond Setter in His Own Shops!

THIEVES' WIT

By Hulbert Footner

Last Week's Installment in Brief

Miss Hamerton declared the pearls recovered from Roland's safe were the genuine ones. The company disbanded. Roland, when accused, explained that an elderly woman—one whom he never had known—had died and left him $40,000. He had bought a string of pearls, he said, which he was to present to Miss Hamerton to replace her loss. He must have bought the stolen string. Enderby and Walter Dunsany, head of a leading jewelry company, joined hands in a pact to devote all their time to running down the band of jewel thieves that just now were alarmingly active.

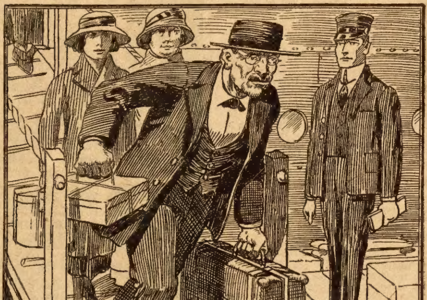
—

This story began in No. 20, the Ledger for May 19. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. WALTER DUNSANY and part of his family sailed for Liverpool on the following Wednesday. The fact was liberally commented on in the newspapers. A squad of reporters saw him off at the pier, and got a statement from him on the country's business prospects.

I must offer my little tribute of admiration to Mr. Dunsany. I have yet to meet his equal for daring and gameness. Middle-aged men are not generally conspicuous for these qualities, and when they are rich into the bargain—why, to hang on to what they've got is usually their highest aim. But Mr. Dunsany insisted on playing the role of danger in our projected drama. He eagerly accepted a part that the most hot-headed young adventurer might have quailed from. I would never have allowed him to go in ahead of me, but unluckily an expert knowledge of gems was required. That he had and I had not. He insisted anyway that I must be free for the general command of all our forces.



John Mattingly, an Elderly Citizen, Descended the Second-class Gangway.

Twelve days after Mr. Dunsany's departure, one John Mattingly, in appearance a sober, decent, elderly artizan—but in reality Walter Dunsany—descended the second-class gangway of one of our speediest ocean ferry-boats, and went to Ellis Island with the other immigrants. Landed in due course at the foot of Manhattan Island, he gazed at the towering buildings with a wondering eye, and allowed himself to be guided to an humble hotel in the neighborhood.

I was not there to meet him for a very good reason, but later in the day I received a note apprising me of his arrival. Two days later I had another telling me that having presented letters of recommendation, he had been engaged in the gem-setting shops of Dunsany & Co. I cannot do better than quote from his own reports. Far from being the usual cut and dried affairs, they were little human documents of humorous observation.

REPORT OF WALTER DUNSANY.

Wednesday, June 3rd.

The morning after I landed, according to our program, I went to Dunsany's to apply for a job. I wonder if any merchant before me ever had the experience of besieging the doors of his own shop in a like humble capacity. Probably not. I enjoyed the experience. As soon as I opened the door I began to learn things about my own place. I always thought that my democratic ideas encouraged my employes to treat me exactly like one of themselves, but I found that they did not—quite. Walking thru the aisles I perceived a new atmosphere, a casualness, an indifference in the salesmen which shocked me at first, then made me want to laugh. The joke was on me!

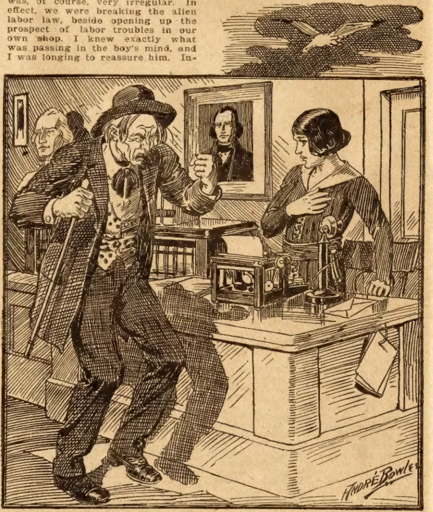
My letter of recommendation, which I had written myself, naturally, gained me the entree to the present head of the firm, i. e., my son Edward. I approached his office with some nervousness. Here would be the first grand test of my disguise. Would the son recognize his father? And if he did, would he have the wit not to give me away before others? And if he did not, would I be able to keep my own face in the ludicrous situation?

I should say that in the matter of disguise I have followed your instructions carefully. The wig or toupee or transformation with which you furnished me completely changes my appearance. I have also applied the stubbly beard and short mustache as you showed me how to do. I am letting my own hair grow beneath and will soon be able to leave off the false, which will be a relief, as it is both hot and sticky. In addition, it occurred to me to leave aside certain dental work which cost me a lot of money. The result is startling, and very satisfactory to our purpose.

My clothes I bought ready made in a London emporium. Need I say more? The hat is a wonder, a sort of decrepit music-master affair of black felt. It is undoubtedly third or fourth hand—or should I say fourth head? I took care to have it well fumigated.

Eddie did not recognize me. He favored me with some sharp glances which discomposed me not a little, but this was only natural caution in engaging an unknown man. In our business we have to be careful. I was well pleased with Eddie's manner, succinct and business-like without a trace of arrogance. Much better than my own manner, I dare say.

Eddie was plainly annoyed by the situation, nor could I blame him. It was, of course, very irregular. In effect, we were breaking the alien labor law, beside opening up the prospect of labor troubles in our own shop. I knew exactly what was passing in the boy's mind, and I was longing to reassure him. Instead, I had to make believe to be slightly overawed in the presence of my little boy!



I Saw a Bent Old Man in Shabby Black, With Wild, Straggly Hair, Broken Teeth and Red-rimmed Eyes.

He had no choice in the matter, because I had virtually instructed him to employ this Mattingly. In addition to the letter of recommendation I had written him from London saying that I was sending such a man, an experienced jewel-setter, I had said, and had described Mattingly's appearance, so that he had no need to ask me to identify myself.

Finally, after asking a number of questions, to all of which I had the answers pat, Eddie engaged me. I followed him to an upper floor, hard put to it to keep from grinning at the idea of my boy showing me the way around the place. Fortunately the spectacles I wear help me to preserve an owl-like gravity.

He took me to Ashley, the foreman of the gem-setting department. Ashley has been with us forty years. He is a sturdy, lovable old crab. It was under Ashley that I got my training in handicraft twenty-five years ago. Ashley regarded me with no favorable eye, but bowed to the mandate of the head of the firm, of course. He gave me a boy's work of cleaning old settings and kept a sharp watch on me. Later I succeeded in mollifying him a little by showing a certificate of good standing in the English jewelers' union, and by asking the name of the local secretary, so that I could apply for membership here.

He has not forgiven me, tho, for being put in over the youngsters' heads. "A blank-blank furriner!" his irascible eye seems to say. I thought I had taken the measure of the old man's irascibility, having worked under him. And in late years I would have said: "Here is one man in my shop who is not afraid to speak his mind to me." But Eddie had not been gone five minutes before I found that Ashley had never spoken all of his mind to me. I found, too, that his irascibility had been tempered to the boss' son. The boss himself, masquerading as a meek, alien workman, now received the full benefit of it.

I am glad I made the resolution before coming here not to let anything I might learn on the inside, apart from actual dishonesty, influence me in dealing with my men later. Already I confess my patience has been tried. I thought I was a radical myself, but I find I am way behind the times. There is one young fellow, Mullen by name, a hothead, a Socialist, who exasperates me every time he opens his mouth. He is so sure that his crazy ideas are right! Yet he is none the worse workman for that. He and old Ashley are the leaders of the two elements in the shop, and I'm sorry to say the old man generally comes off second best in their verbal encounters.

During one of their arguments the first day, I was much amused, and a little alarmed, when the talk turned on me.

"You with your Socialist talk!" cried Ashley to Mullen scornfully. "A man would think every boss was a horned devil! There's our old man now, what's the matter with him?"

"I don't know him," said Mullen with a leer. "We ain't on visiting terms."

"He talks to us, simple and friendly, just like one of ourselves," said Ashley.

"Sure!" cried Mullen. "It don't cost him nothin'! I ain't seen him give up nothin' but talk, tho. That's what he keeps you quiet with, a little soft talk like strokin' the dog!"

"He don't set up to be no more than a man like myself!" said my defender.

"Sure, and he is no more!" cried the other. "I've got as good an appetite for my meals as him, and my kids is as strong and handsome as his. But there he is sailing across the ocean in a soot de luxe, and here am I sweating at his bench."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Ashley, whereat all the men on his side crowed.

"Do?" cried Mullen. "I'm goin' to give him fair value for his wages, that's what I'm goin' to do. But I don't have to lick the hand that pats me!"

"A man can do what he likes with his own, I guess," said Ashley.

"'Tain't his own!" was the surprising answer. "He didn't earn it, did he? It was the surplus that his dad made out of us workmen, and his graddad before him."

"His granddad started as a workman like ourselves," said Ashley. "Only he was the best workman, so he went ahead."

"I doubt that," said Mullen coolly. "'Tain't the best workman that gets ahead, but the sharpest. Granddad was sharp enough to get ahead of the other workmen. All right, I say. Let him enjoy what he can get. But does that give his family the right to run us to the end of time?"

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Ashley again. All his supporters laughed.

Mullen turned to me unexpectedly. "What have you got to say about it, mate? You know what they think about such things across the water. Give us your ideas."

"I don't know the boss," I said feebly. "How can I tell?"

"I don't mean him," said Mullen scornfully. "He's nothing but a rich man. I mean about labor and capital."

I shook my head.

"Ah! they tame them over there just like they do here, I see," said Mullen, turning away.

I would like to fire that fellow when I get out of this—but, of course, in common decency I must not.

Meanwhile I suppose you are wondering what all this has to do with our case. Have patience with me. I am so absolutely alone in my new life, I must have somebody to air my thoughts to. The evenings are the hardest to put in. The club calls me with a siren voice. Eddie's wife is away, too, and I think of the boy dining alone. I wish we had taken him into our confidence, but I suppose it was wiser not to.

I have changed my boarding place. Couldn't stand the fare at Mrs. McMahon's. I am now at a French place No. 76½ West Thirty-Ninth street. It is humble enough to suit my altered station in life, but the cooking being French is not impossible. I have mitigated my lot by buying a jug of excellent Bordeaux at Bardin's, which I have with my dinner without exciting suspicion. I am aiming to get the name of a "character" which will enable me to do pretty much as I please.

The only break I have made so far was upon the avenue yesterday. I was on my way home from work and my wits were wool-gathering. I was dreaming, I suppose, of where I would like to go for dinner. Along came Warner Macklin, an elegant old dandy and a club acquaintance of mine. Without thinking, I nodded to him as I would ordinarily. You should have seen his affronted stare. The old snob! Anyhow it testifies to the efficacy of my disguise.

If you would like to look me over I will be walking up and down in front of the dairy lunch on Thirty-Fourth street east of Sixth avenue at 12:30 tomorrow, Thursday. DUN.

SECOND REPORT OF WALTER DUNSANY.

Tuesday, June 9th.

I have not written you since Saturday, because there was nothing new to report, and I didn't want to take up your time with any more discussions on Labor versus Capital. I am receiving a liberal education in these matters, very salutary. After working at my bench all day I find my point of view much changed. But I do not like that Mullen fellow!

I am pretty well shaken into my job by now. The local union is considering my application for membership favorably, so I am not a bone of contention in the shop. But I hope there is something more exciting than this ahead.

I have neither seen nor heard anything suspicious in any of my fellow-employes. I would be willing to swear they are all honest, but you have told me, others too, that I'm too ready to believe the best of my fellow-creatures, so I'm keeping an open mind.

Today there was a little shake-up in the shop on account of vacations. I got a step up. Ashley put me at the bench where jewels are removed from old settings on orders to be reset. This is exactly what we need to carry out our plans, and it comes sooner than he hoped—but not too soon for me. However, I do not mean to rush things, but will proceed with due caution.

My heart still yearns every time I pass a first-class restaurant.

DUN.

CHAPTER XV.

AT THIS stage I cannot better carry my story forward than by continuing to quote from the reports of different operatives. To me these are fascinating documents. Their sober matter-of-factness is more thrilling than the most exciting yarn. With a wealth of seemingly irrelevant detail they build up a picture more convincing than any except those of a master of fiction. One has to be in the secret, of course. The operatives themselves are not supposed to know what it is all about, tho they may guess a little. But to be in the secret of a case and to read the reports bearing on it from a hundred angles, gives one a strange sense of power.

REPORT OF OPERATIVE NO. 3.

According to my instructions I applied for board at No. 19A West Forty-Ninth street, Mrs. Atwood, landlady. I gave my name as Winston Darnall, and made out I was a character actor just in from the road. I engaged the rear hall room top floor. The place is an ordinary actors' house, considerably run down. The landlady has only lately bought the business from another woman, so it hasn't got the familiar friendly air of a long-established place.

At the supper table I recognized my man Kenton Milbourne from the description furnished. He's an unusual looking man—unusually homely. He doesn't keep to himself at all, like a fellow with something on his mind. He seems to be on good enough terms with the other boarders, but they keep out of his way because he's such a tiresome talker. There's one or two old fellows that go around with him. They sit in the parlor and talk by the hour about what dandy actors they are.

Milbourne has the large front room on the third floor. As luck would have it, the hall room adjoining was vacant, and there is only a thin board partition between, because the hall room was originally an alcove. But I judged this was too much of a good thing. I was afraid of taking the hall room for fear of putting M. wise. Maybe later, when we're friends, I can move.

I wasn't in any rush to pick up Milbourne. Thought I'd better wait awhile and give him a chance to make up to me. Meanwhile I jollied the landlady. She was a talker, like all of them. Milbourne, it seems, is her pet. She holds him up as a model for the other boarders because he paid her four weeks board in advance when her rent fell due. This seems to indicate he means to stay awhile.

All the boarders look up to Milbourne with a kind of respect because he's just closed his season with a first-class company, while the rest are mostly with repertoire companies, and cheap road shows.

The second night I was there, Milbourne braced me in the parlor. Looking for a new listener, I guess. He started in to tell me what a hit he made with the Irma Hamerton production. If this man is a crook he's the smoothest article I ever ran up against. Because he isn't smooth at all. He talks all the time about himself as simple as a child, but at that he don't tell you much. He's got a dull eye which don't seem to take in nothing, and he talks in a slow, monotonous way and, says a thing over and over until you're doped.

A couple of nights later some of the younger boarders were having a bit of a rough house in the parlor and M asked me up to his room where we could talk in peace. His room was bare like. He don't show any photographs or pictures or gimcracks. Seems he never even unpacked his trunk. It was a big trunk even for an actor, and packed neat and full as a honeycomb. Whenever he wants a little thing he unlocks it, takes out what he's after, and locks it again, even tho he's right in the room. The key is on a chain fastened to his waistband.

His talk was mostly about the Irma Hamerton company. He told me what he says is the rights of the story about her sickness, and the unexpected closing in the middle of good business. She was in love with her leading man, Roland Quarles, according to him. Nothing was too bad for him to say about Quarles.

I didn't take much stock in all this. It is the way a poor actor likes to talk about one who rises above him.

About Quarles and Miss Hamerton, Milbourne said that just as she was going to marry him she found out that he had a wife already. Without exactly saying so, he let on that it was he, Melbourne, who had put her wise to the young man. That's the way they go on. She had hysterics, he said, and broke up the show. As proof of his story, he said that Quarles had disappeared and nobody knew where he was, not even his old servant.

As I talk more with Milbourne I see that he isn't so simple as he likes to make out. He has a way of sandwiching in little questions in his dull talk, that amounts to pretty effective cross-examining in the end. He didn't get anything on me tho. My story hasn't any holes in it yet. I have an idea that I've had considerably more experience acting than he has.

Sometimes he lets slip a clever remark that don't fit in with his character of a bonehead at all. For instance, we were talking about the Chatfield case that all the papers are full of now, and Milbourne says:

"Put a police helmet on any man, and right away his brain seems to take the shape of it. Cops think as much alike as insects. Let a crook once get on to their way of thinking, and he can play with them like a ball on a rubber string."

He let this out by accident. Afterwards he looked at me sharp to see if I had taken anything amiss. I never let on.

I have been in this house a week now, and Milbourne and I are supposed to be quite intimate friends. Last night on my way up stairs I saw a light under his door, so I knocked. His door is always locked. He wasn't any too glad to see me, but he couldn't very well keep me out, because he hadn't started to undress yet. He was having a little supper: a bottle of a sirupy kind of wine and biscuits with some blackish stuff he said was caviare. I didn't take any. I marked the labels, and today I went into a swell store and inquired the prices. The wine was Imperial Tokay. It takes six dollars and a wink to get a small bottle. The caviare was a dollar and a half for a little pot. I give this for what it's worth. Seems funny if a man has a taste for such swell eats he should put up at a joint like Mrs. Atwood's. No. 3.

REPORT OF OPERATIVE NO. 4.

Operative No. 2 and I were instructed to trail a certain K. Milbourne, supposed to be an actor, and report on his habits and his associates. We were furnished with his description, and sent to watch the building at 19A West Forty-Ninth street, where he boards. This house is a few doors from Eighth avenue. We kept watch from outside a corner saloon over the way. We turned up our collars and stood around like the regular corner loafers.

At 10:05 a. m. our man came out and walked up the long block to Broadway. We followed across the street. He turned down Broadway with the crowd. We split up, one on one side of the street, one on the other. He often stopped in front of store windows, but didn't seem to mind the windows so much as to look sideways to see who was passing. He turned in at 1402 Broadway, a big office building. I slicked up and went after him. Went up in the same elevator. He gave everybody in the car a sharp look. Got out at

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the eighth floor, and went into an office marked: "Mrs. Mendoza: Theatrical Agency."

I went back downstairs to wait. This building has an entrance on Broadway and one on Thirty-Ninth street. No. 2 took the Broadway door, and I watched the side street.

Forty minutes later, or 11:15, he came out my door. He walked around into Broadway, and No. 2 picked us up again. He took us down as far as Thirty-Fourth, and then turned around and went back to Forty-Second, without leaving Broadway or stopping anywhere. Turned west on Forty-Second, and went into the office of the D. and E. Booking Agency in the Forrest Theater. Stayed twenty-five minutes. Came out and went down west side of Broadway. At Thirty-Ninth street met an actor and stood with him twenty minutes talking loud, and looking around them the way they do, to see if anybody is noticing. The talk was all theatrical gossip which I was instructed not to report.

Looked at his watch and went on down to the Thirty-Sixth-Thirty-Seventh street block, where he walked up and down about seven times, stopping at each end to look in the same store window, and then coming back. We watched from a music store where we were making out to listen to the piano-player.

At 12:50 he met a man as if by surprise. They greeted each other so loud everybody rubbered. But it was all a stall. Right away they came down to business and talked low and serious to each other. My partner and I brushed against them, but we couldn't hear much. Too much noise in the street.

I heard Milbourne say: "The grub is rotten! More than flesh and blood——"

His friend replied: "My dear fellow, it's worth it, isn't it? Be reasonable. You're safe. We're all safe——"

The two of them turned north walking arm in arm, still talking low. At the Forty-Ninth street corner they parted. Milbourne turned west, on his way home presumably, and his friend continued north. No. 2 went with Milbourne and I took after the stranger.

He was a big fat man, but energetic. He looked like a theatrical manager or a promoter. He wore a silk hat and a cutaway coat which flapped out as he walked. He had very big feet which slapped the pavement loudly as he walked along in his energetic way. It was a regular fat man's walk, the knees giving a little with every step. Height about 5 foot 10; weight about 220; dark brown hair and eyes. Eyes with a bright, hard expression. Heavy brown mustache with curled ends. Carried a cigar in his mouth which he never lighted, but kept twisting around while he talked.

At Fiftieth street he crossed over and went down the subway stair spry as a kid. Got on the first train; I took a seat in the adjoining car. At the next station, Columbus Circle, he suddenly jumped up and left the train. But I was with him. He stayed on the station platform. For a little while the two of us were alone there. He gave me a good hard look. When the next train came along he took it. I was in the next car again.

At Seventy-Second street he got out again. This time he went up to the street. He stood on the corner for a while. I watched from behind the glass doors of the subway station. I thought he was waiting for somebody. But suddenly he made a run for a passing car. I had to hump myself to get on it, but I did.

For near an hour we rode around, hopping from car to subway, and back to a car again, with a ride in a taxi in between. Of course I knew by this time that he was on to me, but I stuck, hoping for a bit of luck.

Later at the Ninety-Sixth street station he darted down the steps again, me a good second. This station is always crowded. A woman blocked me at the gate, and he gained a few seconds. There was an express train waiting. Just as I reached it the guard closed the door in my face. Fatty was just inside. As the train started he turned around and thumbed his nose at me. I felt cheap.

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CHAPTER XVI.
REPORT FROM AUSTRALIA.

Melbourne, May 20th.

REFERRING to your inquiry of the 10th ultimo respecting one Kenton Milbourne, said to be an actor formerly of this place, we beg to report as follows:

You are in error in supposing that Kenton Milbourne formerly acted in Australia, and sailed for America last year. Mr. Milbourne is at present appearing as "Micawber," in Auckland. Mr. Milbourne has never been to America. We enclose one of his published pictures which you will see at a glance is not that of the same man whose picture you sent us.

Mr. Milbourne is an actor of character parts, fairly well known in the profession here, tho not of wide public reputation. His personal character is of the best. His real name is John Whittlesey, and he comes of respectable parents in moderate circumstances, still living in the town of Perth, Western Australia.

As to the photograph you enclosed, we are informed by a friend of Mr. Milbourne's that this is undoubtedly Evan Whittlesey, younger brother of John and the black sheep of the family, who went to America ten years ago, after having been implicated in the robbery of Morton's Bank, Melbourne. No proceedings were ever taken against him.

From the same informant we learn that no one in Australia has heard of Evan Whittlesey since he went away, except possibly his brother, who is reticent on the subject, suggesting that what information he has of his brother is not perhaps creditable.

At this writing we are unable to furnish any information regarding Evan Whittlesey's early life beyond what is contained in the general statement that he was "wild," that is to say, a trial to his parents and his respectable brother—whose stage name he appears to have borrowed for his American activities. If you desire us to go to the expense of a thoro investigation of Evan Whittlesy's past, please authorize by cable

Trusting to be favored with your future commands, etc.

WILLARD, WILLARD AND GAINES.

The next report from which I will quote is Sadie's. It contained an unpleasant surprise. In order to make it clear I must briefly explain the arrangements of the International Detective Bureau. We had three offices en suite on the sixth floor of a building on West Forty-Second street. The door of the first room faced the elevators, and upon it was lettered our sign. Within was a neat railing, behind which sat Peter Keenan, the ostensible head of the establishment, and an ornamental stenographer. The door to the adjoining room was hidden behind a tall file.

The second little room was supposed by the employes to be Keenan's private office, but in reality it was designed as a sanctum for Sadie. There was a telephone here by which she might talk to me in safety. Sadie had her own door on the corridor and was never seen in the front room.

The third office, which was at right angles to the first and second, was intended for the operatives in general when we were obliged to have them in. They were not supposed to come in without being instructed to do so. The other operatives looked on Sadie as one of themselves, and considered Keenan the boss. The door to the third room opened on a side corridor so that the men were never seen around the front office.

REPORT OF SADIE FARRELL.

Last evening at 5:15 operative No. 2 came into the office without instrictions. He had been told like the others to mail in his reports, and keep in touch with Mr. Keenan by telephone. The excuse he gave was that the man he was trailing had led him around so fast and so far that it had used up all his money. I had Mr. Keenan give him some money and call him down, and thought no more about it. Unfortunately it appears today that his disobedience has had very unfortunate results.

This morning I heard loud talking in the front office. Mr. Keenan explained later that a queer old man had come in, and had told a long, rambling story about being persecuted. It seems that he wanted to engage the agency to protect him. It seemed a natural enough thing—we have had these harmless cranks before. Mr. Keenan soothed him down by telling him we were too busy to do proper justice to his case, and referred him to the police station. Neither of us thought anything more about it.

This afternoon shortly before five I heard the old man's voice again in the outer office. Mr. Keenan had stepped out to post some papers to you. The old man was excited, and I could hear by Miss Reilly's voice that she was very much frightened. So I went to her assistance.

I saw a bent, old man in shabby black, with wild, straggly hair, broken teeth and red-rimmed eyes, a repulsive sight. The instant I laid eyes on him I saw that he was not very insane. His manner was both servile and threatening. It was like stage insanity, incoherent jabbering and wild gestures. The girl was frightened half out of her wits.

I asked him what he wanted, and he calmed right down. His speech was unintelligible, as if he had some of those tablets in his mouth that actors use to make their voice thick. He made no more trouble. He bowed and smirked and backed out of the door. The last thing I heard was a silly kind of laugh.

By this time I was full of suspicions. He had quieted down much too quickly. Besides, there was something familiar about the horrible old man. I had Miss Reilly inquire of the elevator boys. They said the old man had been in three times. Last evening as well as twice today. Last night he came up in the elevator with operative No. 2. Today, I believe, he hung around down stairs until he saw Mr. Keenan go out.

No. 2 called up about this time to report that Milbourne had not left his boarding-house all day. Mr. Keenan questioned the operative over the phone at my prompting, and we discovered that No. 2 had no proof that Milbourne was in the house. We learned that No. 2 had lost Milbourne about 3:30 yesterday among the several entrances to a department store. He had merely supposed that he had gone home later.

I then ventured to call up Milbourne's boarding-house. If he had been there, I would, of course, have lost the connection, but he was not. His landlady told me that he had telephoned her yesterday afternoon that he had been called out of town, and not to expect him home until tonight. Which shows how little we can depend on these operatives. Since talking to this woman I have received No. 3's report from inside the house, confirming what she told me.

Puzzling over in my head what it could be that gave the old man a familiar look, I suddenly got it. Do you remember when Milbourne first joined Miss Hamerton's company he played the part of the old forger, afterwards given to Richards? The management thought Milbourne's conception was too realistic, but Milbourne himself was childishly proud of his make-up in that part. He showed us a photograph, do you remember? Well, that was the same old man, wrinkles, scraggly hair, mean smile and all. The same clothes.

It is easy to figure out now what happened. After giving the operative the slip in the department store, Milbourne went to some friend's room or thieves' hangout and disguised himself. He then returned to the neighborhood of the boarding-house on Forty-Ninth street and watched the watchers there. When No. 2 was relieved by No. 4 at five, Milbourne followed No. 2 into the office. He was smart enough to see on his first visit today that Mr. Keenan was not the real head of the office, and so he bothered us until I betrayed myself. Hence the laugh when he went out.

I need not say how sorry I am for the accident. I blame myself quite as much as No. 2. Luck played right inti Milbourne's hand this time. I see how important it is. He knows of the connection between you and I, consequently all your trouble to let it be supposed that you are out of the case goes for nothing now.

I have replaced No. 2 with the new man, No. 6, who came so well recommended. I have put No. 2 at clerical work. Shall I discharge him altogether?

S. F.

THIRD REPORT OF WALTER DUNSANY.

June 15.

ON SATURDAY afternoon after work according to your instructions I took one of the unset diamonds with which I am provided to Mueller's pawnshop in Third avenue. I was glad to have the second act of the drama open, and the fun begin. To tell the truth, I am very weary of the work bench at Dunsany's this hot weather. If I ever return to my proper character I will have more sympathy for my workmen. I believe now that it is not poverty that makes the working classes restless so much as monotony.

Mueller's, as you know, is a large and prosperous three-ball establishment near Fifty-Seventh street. The proprietor is a youngish man, a typical pawnbroker, with eyes as hard and bright as shoe buttons. I believe you are right in your estimate of the man. Good as his legitimate business appears to be, he is no doubt not averse to the other kind—if it looks safe.

But he was afraid of me. He offered to lend me money on my diamond, but declined to purchase. He

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demanded to know how it had come into my possession. I replied with a long and affecting tale of the hardships of an immigrant couple, no longer young. It was our last bit of property, I said, the stone out of my wife's engagement ring. The ring itself she still wore with its empty setting. Such was the pathos of the tale that I almost succeeded in convincing myself that it was true. It didn't matter, of course, whether the pawnbroker believed it or not, but it had to be a good story on the face of it, because it would be fatal to my chances of success if I gave the impression of being a fool.

The hard eyes gave no sign one way or another. One could hardly expect a pawnbroker to be moved by a hard luck story. He told me to come back on Monday at noon, and he would see what he could do for me.

I hastened up there as soon as we were released for the lunch hour today. There were two men loitering in the store; men of the same kidney as the astute proprietor apparently, very sprucely dressed. Mueller himself ignored me for the moment and this precious pair gave me the "once over" as they say. I could feel their eyes boring into me like gimlets. However, it is possible to be too sharp to be discerning. They were deceived. A scarcely perceptible sign passed between them and the pawnbroker, and the latter suddenly became aware of the existence of his shabby customer.

He now showed me what he intended for a real friendly air. He couldn't buy my diamond himself, he said, but seeing he felt so sorry for me he would send me to a diamond broker he knew, who would do business with me if I satisfied him it was on the level. He gave me an address near by. I inclose the card, but neither the name nor the address means anything of course. I went there at once, risking a call-down from the foreman if I was late getting back to the shop.

It was a room on the second floor of a typical Third avenue house, shop below, furnished rooms above, and the elevated road pounding by the windows. Evidently there had been a hasty attempt to make it look like an office; a desk had been brought in and the bed removed. Behind the desk sat a fat man rolling a cigar between his thick lips, and trying to look as if he were not expecting me. He looked prosperous in a common way, with his silk hat on the back of his head, and his immense gaping cutaway. His face was red and what passes for good-humored with little pig eyes lost in fat. A huge mustache with curled ends, decorated it, the kind of mustache that I thought even New York politicians had given up nowadays. In a phrase, the man looked like a ward leader of fifteen years ago. The most characteristic thing about him was his bustling energy, unusual in one so fat.

This alleged diamond broker was making out to be very much occupied with business. He kept me waiting a while. As soon as he took the diamond in his hand I saw that he knew nothing about stones. He didn't even have a glass to examine it. Evidently the word had been passed to him that it was all right. But if he knew nothing about diamonds, he was well experienced in humanity. He put me thru a grueling cross-examination which I supported as best I could. My delicate problem was to lead him to suspect I was a crook, without letting him think I was a fool. To this end I elaborated the story of my old wife's engagement ring. He listened to it with a leer in his little eyes, as much as to say: "Pretty good old fellow! But you needn't take all that trouble with me!"

He expressed himself as satisfied, and we passed to the discussion of the price. I asked something near the stone's value. He laughed, and offered me a fifth of that. We were presently hotly engaged in humankind's first game, bargaining. He loved it. Unfortunately I was handicapped by the necessity of getting back to work. We agreed on a price which was about a quarter of the stone's value. No doubt he would have had more respect for me if I had held out longer. He paid me out of an enormous roll of greasy bills.

I was sorry to see the stone go. It was a good one, nearly two carats. It was not safe of couse to mark it in any visible way, but I have had this and the other decoy diamonds carefully described and photographed, so that we will have no difficulty in identifying them later.

As I was about to leave he shook my hand in friendly fashion, and still with that indescribable leer, expressed a hope that we might do further business together.

I mumbled something about a pair of earrings.

"Good!" he said. "Let me see them. Even if you don't want to let me have them, I'll appraise them for you so you won't get cheated. Come to me. I'm looking for a better office, so you'll find me gone from here What's your address? I'll let you hear from me."

I declined to give it.

"Cautious, eh?" he laughed uproariously. "You needn't mind me! Mueller, the pawnbroker, will tell you where you can find me."

I got back to my work just in time to avoid a fine.
DUN.

FOURTH REPORT OF WALTER DUNSANY.

June 18.

I suspected that I might be trailed from the alleged diamond broker's office back to my work, and I hoped that I might be. Evidently I was yesterday. On my way to my luncheon place on Thirty-Fourth street I ran into my fat friend. He came toward me with his coat-tails flying. He has very large feet which slap the pavement resoundingly. His knees give a little which furnishes an undulatory motion, a roll to his walk.

He hailed me blithely, and immediately announced that he was looking for a bite to eat. Somewhat sullenly, for I did not wish to appear too glad to see him, I confessed that I was on the same errand, and we turned into a dairy restaurant together. He laid himself out to win my liking. His loud, jolly, fat-man ways provide a cover for a considerable astuteness. It was my game to make out that I was startled to be found in that neighborhood, and that my conscience was none too good. It was his game to put me at my ease and have it understood that everything went between friends. Nothing was said, however, about his business or mine.

I stuck to my lately-arrived immigrant story, and he sympathized with my lonesomeness in a strange land. He was a bachelor, he said, and often lonesome himself. This line led presently to an invitation for me to join him last-night for a little sociability at the Turtle Bay Cafe on Lexington avenue. I accepted it. I am sure by his eagerness to cultivate my acquaintance that he knows I work in Dunsany's.

I met him at 8 o'clock, and we secured a little table to ourselves in a sort of alcove. The Turtle Bay is just one of the usual saloons, mahogany, plate glass and electric lights. The principal lure of such places is the dazzling flood of light they cast on the pavement. They have discovered the subtle psychological appeal of light. Away with night and its terrors!

My fat friend was liberally hospitable. I allowed my suspicious sullen manner to be charmed away by degrees. In a way he is really entertaining with his gross humor and rude vitality. I suppose any one can charm when they have a mind to. The cloven hoof, however, peeped out in his brutal snarls at the newsies and beggars who came to our table. On the whole I enjoyed myself. It was a lot better than mooning in my wretched room, or wandering the sultry streets thinking of the cool and comfortable club.

The will being good on both sides we got along famously. No actual confidences have passed between us yet, but we are ripe for them. As we mellowed together I allowed it to peep out that I had a bitter grudge against society, and would stop at nothing to feed it. He enthusiastically applauded my sentiments

"Life is a bank!" he said, "that's got to be busted into if a man wants to enjoy any of the good things!"

I am to call him George Pawling. We have a date to meet at the Turtle Bay again tomorrow night. I hinted that I might have another diamond or two.

I was glad to hear from you that this man is undoubtedly one of the gang. So I am on the right track!
DUN.

CHAPTER XVII

I DON'T want to give you too much of the operatives' reports. I tell myself it is not to be expected anybody would have the same absorbing interest that I have in all the ramifications of the case. So I will go on with my story in the ordinary way.

After the catastrophe, it will be remembered, Miss Hamerton and Sadie had gone into the country to a little retreat I chose for them. After a day or two Sadie, seeing that Miss Hamerton could be left alone, would in fact be better alone, returned, and took up her work on the case as has been seen. Later, that is about the first of June, Miss Hamerton was so far recovered as to be able to go to Southampton, and open her cottage for the season. Now, toward the end of the month, I learned that she had come to town for a few days to talk over next season's plans with her manager. All of which was encouraging as far as her health and spirits were concerned. But thinking of my friend Roland, I was not anxious to see her recover too quickly I had kept my promise to him, and Miss Hamerton was unaware that I was still busy on her case

I was shy about going to see her. My feeling was, considering her position and mine, that if she wished to keep up the connection she ought to give me some sign. I confess I was a little hurt that I had not received any.

One day as I was returning to the office after lunch I met her strolling up the avenue with Alfred Mount. When I caught sight of her the whole street brightened for me with her loveliness. I watched her coming for half a block before she saw me. She seemed well; she had a good color, and her face was vivacious—more vivacious than it used to be, a little too vivacious. She seemed to have become aware of the necessity of vivacity. When she laughed her eyes were sombre.

She was dressed in a strange bright blue—few women could have carried off that dazzling color so well, with coral red at her girdle and on her hat. She walked thru the crowd with the beautiful unconsciousness that was part of her stage training. The staring, the whispering, the craning of necks neither troubled nor pleased her. Alfred Mount, who was no child in the world, could not quite hide his pride at being seen with her. He, too, was gorgeously arrayed, a little too well-dressed for a man of his age. But I had to grant his youthful air, and good looks

I raised my hat, and was for keeping on, but she stopped short.

"Are you going to pass me by?" she cried with charming reproachfulness.

I became as proud and conceited as Mount, thus to be singled out by her. Everybody stared at me. Mount's greeting was affable and chilly—like winter sunshine. I fell into step beside them.

"Why haven't you been to see me?" she demanded.

"Why didn't you let me know you were in town?" I countered.

"I didn't like to bother one so busy," she said.

This to me from her! I walked on air.

"How is business, Enderby?" Mount asked in a faintly sneering tone

"Poor," I said calmly. "Everybody appears to be behaving themselves."

"Ah!" said he.

"What stories he could tell us if he would!" my dear lady said admiringly.

I smiled, as I suppose was expected of me. Little did she suspect that the only case I had was hers.

We walked on chatting idly. What was said wouldn't be worth repeating, I expect, even if I could remember it. For me the mere sound of her voice was enough.

There was no mention of the unhappy things that were past. We were all engaged in a tacit conspiracy to look forward. She told me of the new play that was proposed for her. She insisted that I must read it before the matter was finally determined.

"You have such wonderful good sense! she said. "And not at all affected by the actor's point of view."

Mount's face looked a little pinched at this warm praise. I wondered, had he been consulted about the play. If he really honored me with his jealousy he was foolish. I did not dream of aspiring to be anything more than her honest, faithful friend. Sadie, I hoped, was my destined mate while Irma Hamerton was—why she was the sun over us all. Sadie herself felt the same towards her as I did. On the other hand I was jealous of Mount. I considered him presumptuous to aspire to our sun, as he plainly did. He wasn't half good enough—half?—he wasn't worthy to tie her shoe. Besides. I was anxious about Roland.

At Forty-Second street they were turning west to the theater district, and I bade them good-by. Miss Hamerton covered me with confusion by asking me to dine with her at her hotel the same night.

"Is it to be a party?" I asked.

"No, indeed," she said. "Nobody but Alfred."

This "Alfred" was new. It had always been "Mr. Mount." It set my teeth on edge.

I accepted and left them.

Dinner was served in her exquisite little drawing-room now loaded with sweet peas. For some reason that I have forgotten, the tiresome old Mrs. Bleecker was not in evidence—still I did not have a good time. I believe none of us had. "Alfred" still stuck in my crop. I reflected jealously, that if it had not been for the accidental meeting with me, Mount would have been alone with her. No doubt he was thinking of that, too. Everything from hors d'aeuvres to chartreuse was exquisite, but I had no zest in it.

It was "Alfred" this and "Alfred" that. Really it seemed as if my dear lady was rubbing it in. I suppose that was her delicate way of letting me know of her intentions. I fancied I perceived a certain apprehensiveness in her as to how I was going to take it. Perhaps I flattered myself. Anyhow, it was enough to make the angels weep. She was not in the least in love with him, she could not have been, but after the way of dear, ignorant women she was trying to persuade herself that she was. Hence the "Alfreds." I thought of my passionate young friend eating his heart out in a hall bedroom and my food choked me.

Irma made some half laughing ref-

(Continued on Page 16.)

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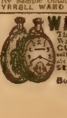

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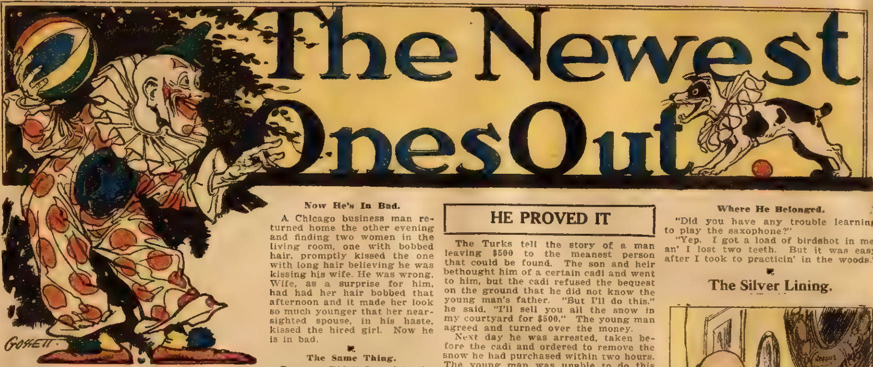


Now He's In Bad.

A Chicago business man returned home the other evening and finding two women in the living room, one with bobbed hair, promptly kissed the one with long hair believing he was kissing his wife. He was wrong. Wife, as a surprise for him, had had her hair bobbed that afternoon and it made her look so much younger that her near-sighted spouse, in his haste, kissed the hired girl. Now he is in bad.

The Same Thing.

Pegrew—Didn't I read in the papers that that old man who got so rich by selling so much "Restorer of Youth" was dead?

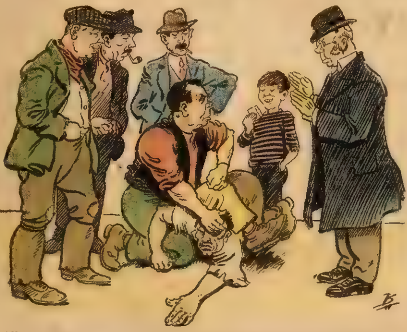
Smithy—It amounts to the same thing He married a woman only one-fourth his age

Very Valuable.

Reporter—Tell me, madam, how much was the diamond necklace worth?

Actress—Oh, I should say it was worth a column on the first page.

LOGIC SUPREME



"You should never hit a man when he's down, my good fellow"
"Jumpin' Jup'ter, whacher think I worked to get him down for?"

Faithful Always.

Her Best Friend—Are your thoughts always true to James now that he is in Europe?

The Engaged One—Of course! Even when some other fellow kisses me I always imagine it is James!

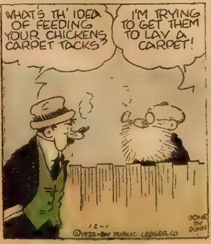
Reason Enough.

"I'm getting our ice from a new man now, dear."

"What's wrong with the other man?"

"The new dealer says he'll give us colder ice for the same money."

SOLID IVORY


WHAT'S TH' IDEA OF FEEDING YOUR CHICKENS CARPET TACKS?
I'M TRYING TO GET THEM TO LAY A CARPET!
12-1
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DONE BY GUNN

SHE PAID

George Ade, the incurable bachelor, was talking about marriage

"There's a play," he said, "to prove that the only way to keep a husband devoted is to keep him short of money. In keeping a wife devoted this rule doesn't work.

"I know a man who got a wire from his wife in Havana the other day.

"'Broke,' she wired. 'Landlord dunning terribly. Send check'

"The man wired back:

"'Very short at present. Check next week, maybe. A thousand kisses.'

"In a day or two she wired him again:

"'Don't need check now. Gave landlord one of your kisses and he was satisfied.'"

Looking Ahead.

The young man was lauding the services rendered by science to agriculture. "I tell you," he said to an old farmer, "that the time is coming when you'll be able to carry all the fertilizer necessary for an acre of ground in one vest pocket.

"And all the crop in the other," answered the farmer

Startling Discovery.

The Preacher—Do you know, deacon, I never dreamed there was so much profanity in the world until I got my flivver. Nearly every one I bump into swears frightfully!

Hopeful.

The Fat One—Father is afraid you can't support me.

Slim Suitor—I'll promise to take up physical culture at once

HE PROVED IT

The Turks tell the story of a man leaving $500 to the meanest person that could be found. The son and heir bethought him of a certain cadi and went to him, but the cadi refused the bequest on the ground that he did not know the young man's father. "But I'll do this," he said. "I'll sell you all the snow in my courtyard for $500." The young man agreed and turned over the money.

Next day he was arrested, taken before the cadi and ordered to remove the snow he had purchased within two hours. The young man was unable to do this and the cadi fined him $100.

"At least," the young man said as he left the court, "father's bequest went to the right man."

Their Purpose.

Angry Wife—You are not listening to a word I say. It's just going into one ear and out the other!

Indifferent Husband—I imagine that's why nature provided me with two ears.

Quite So!

Mrs. Peck—Mrs. Flatfront has acquired an ideal figure, hasn't she?

Mr. Peck—Yes, she looks almost exactly like a man

It All Depends.

Suitor—Is your father fond of sports?
The Girl—If they don't stay too late.

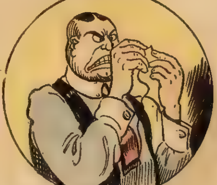
SPROUL TELLS ONE

Ex-Governor William Cameron Sproul presided at a dinner at Swarthmore College recently. The affair was given to celebrate the installation of an honorary fraternity established only in institutions which pursue original research work in a noteworthy manner. Swarthmore is the first small college to be thus honored, and it was peculiarly fitting that the ex-Governor was chosen to preside because he gave to his alma mater the giant telescope and astronomical observatory wherein the original research work is being done.

In opening his address the ex-Governor admitted that he was on unfamiliar ground in the field of scientific research and told a story of the veteran legislator at Harrisburg, whose duty it became to vote on the legalizing of the profession of neuropathy in this State. He said:

"I voted on the osteopaths, the allopaths, the homeopaths, the psycopaths, and other 'paths.' Why should I not vote for the neuropaths? The paths of glory lead but to the grave as the poet said."

Why Indeed.



Bachelor—They have discovered how to telephone without a wire; why don't they invent a way to sew on a button without having to thread a needle?

Here and There.

At a transfer station a man was waiting patiently for a street car, when a woman, highly excited, rushed up to him and cried: "Are you the man here?"

"I don't understand," he said.

"Are you the man here?" she repeated.

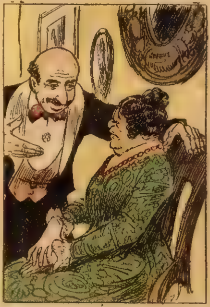
"No, madam," he said, concealing a smile. "The man here is that man over there."

Where He Belonged.

"Did you have any trouble learning to play the saxophone?"

"Yep. I got a load of birdshot in me, an' I lost two teeth. But it was easy after I took to practicin' in the woods."

The Silver Lining.



Abrahams (delightedly)—Vell, Repecca, de barty vendt off something luffly.

Mrs. A. (not so delightedly)—I don't know—I'm not so sure, vait till I haf gounted de shpoonsh.

TOO SHORT

A story is told of a well-known Edinburgh organist who was conducting his choir practice, the anthem under treatment being "As Pants the Hart"

The choristers seemed rather short of breath and consequently did not sustain the notes long enough.

At last, when he could stand it no longer, the organist called out: "Stop, stop, gentlemen. Your pants are far too short"

Willing to Help.

A school teacher was very much annoyed by the continued mischievousness of one of her boys. At last she exclaimed in exasperation: "I wish I could be your mother for just about one week. I would rid you of your naughty disposition."

"Very well, I will speak to father about it," replied the youngster coolly.

DELIGHTFUL JOB

A lady bank clerk had completed her first week and a friend asked her how she liked the work. "Oh, it's glorious!" she replied. "I'm at a branch where nearly all the people we know have accounts, and it's so nice to see how little money some of your friends have in the bank."

Another Kind.

"What's that young man you roomed with in college doing now?"

"Oh, he's making a living with a hand organ."

"A hand organ! Gee whiz!"

"Yes, he's running a very successful manicure journal."

ROCKED TO SLEEP

"Where are you going to in such a hurry?"

"To the police station to get a warrant for my wife's arrest."

"On what charge?"

"Rocking me to sleep."

"You can't have your wife arrested for rocking you to sleep."

"Can't I? You should see the rocks."

An Honest Thief

(Concluded From Page 6.)

goin'. I kept thinkin' about this hypnotism performance and noticin' that them bags felt sort of light. That night I opened up one of them. There wasn't nothing in it but sand. Holofernes had made me dig up that dirt while I was hypnotized

"When I saw how this fellow had robbed me I was mad enough to invade a neutral nation. Most of all, I felt irritated up and down my backbone because he hadn't lived up to his advertised methods of doin' evil. He had bragged how he never stole nothing except under false pretenses, until I had begun to believe him. He had been publishin' how he never took no man's property without givin' something in return, if it wasn't nothing more than the title to a few bucketfuls of the Everglades. I started right back on his trail

"I couldn't find any signs of Holofernes' travel very far beyond the cabin. I hunted around all that day, but I didn't locate no promisin' leads. Next mornin' early I noticed a little line of smoke comin' up from a draw back of the cabin. I sneaked up there about a mile and found Holofernes eatin' breakfast. It seemed that he had sneaked out about two weeks' provisions and cached them there, so that he could continue to dwell in peace and retirement after I had gone. He figured I wouldn't look for him so close to the startin' point.

"'Good mornin', Professor Holofernes Pike,' I says, exposin' that part of the equipment for national preparedness that I lugs around with me

"'Good mornin', brother Martin,' he grins. 'Why all this threat to sever diplomatic relations?'

"'I'm givin' a little demonstration in hypnotism,' I affirms. 'As the mesmerizer I'll ask the mesmerizee to gaze down the openin' in the end of this little object until he's willin' to swear the orifice is as big as the end of a railroad tunnel. The experimenter suggests that the experimentee place himself in a comfortable position. Now in this hypnotic trance I want to suggest to your subconscious mind that somewhere around here is a buried treasure and you're goin' to dig it up. You are completely under the influence of the operator of this piece of occult machinery and are powerless to disobey his slightest conjunction'

"Holofernes tried to argue the question, but I commenced making hypnotic passes before his eyes with this little object he's got his attention glued on, and he came under my spell. He went to a spot down the stream not far from where I had cached my spoils and dug up three or four old tomato cans full of a fine yellow powder. He also uncovered a roll of bills as thick as one of the volumes of this here history of the country he had just published. I filled up my buckskin bags again and stuffed the bills into my saddle bags along with them

"'Now,' I remarked, 'come out of this hypnotic state you ain't been in You lyin' cross between a degenerate coyote and an unparented hound-dog, you're so dishonest that you've corrupted your own sense of moral rectitude. You don't even steal accordin' to your advertised methods of moral deflection. If you had lawfully acquired the fruits of my honest toil in some illegitimate way in agreement with the methods of doin' business you've been a-boostin', you wouldn't have to be livin' up to any satisfaction-or-money-back agreement. But you spent six weeks provin' to me that you never honestly stole nothin'. Then, just as I began to depend upon you, you change your business policy. You never even gave me a lithographed share of Mexican mining stock or some bogus counterfeit money in exchange. Now you had better continue to wend your way quite percipitously to the northward before I turn you over to your readin' public.'

"Right there," concluded Martin, "at the beginnin' of my career, I became convinced that it paid to be honest and I never robbed no man without acquaintin' him of the fact that I was not pretendin' to give him value received for his rolled gold watch and plugged dimes"

THE END.

* * *

The Silver Sponge

(Continued From Page 5.)

tion, and threatened terrible vengeance on me and the government for this insult. Gradually it dawned upon me that I had made a most horrible blunder: but having taken the leap I determined that the search should be absolutely thoro Not an inch in his whole house or compound but what we subjected to minute scrutiny. There was no trace of any secret store of silver as I had hoped, and nothing was discovered to justify in the slightest my suspicions, while he confessed ignorance as to the fate of the fakir. It has not taken long for my mistake to rebound on my own head. Captain Warden has been loudest in denouncing me as a silly ass, and he has taken a leading hand in fermenting agitation. Indeed, the affair has assumed a political complexion. The privacy of the native has been grossly violated. I must be sacrificed to allay the storm and thrown as a sop to Cerberus So I will have to quit the country as quickly as possible."

"I am grieved to hear all this," remarked McLeod in sympathetic tones "But you have two days yet; perhaps you will strike luck before it is too late."

"No, I must resign at once. I will do it tomorrow, and take the night train to Bombay. The authorities will not breathe safely until they have me out of the place. So I just looked in to say good-by." Macpherson's mood was as melancholy as his words

McLeod took his hand in a warm grip that expressed feeling

"You deserve better luck," he said. "I would like to have seen you off, but Gilbert has offered to take me up country tomorrow in his airplane, on a flying trip, and I am not certain when we start or will be back"

It was early next morning that the airman called for McLeod. The conditions for flying he said were perfect, and the two motored off to the aerodrome in high spirits.

It was a novel experience for McLeod, for Calcutta had lagged in the air race. While other places had been gazing skyward, this capital of the East was too engrossed on lakh-making to have any time for sky-larking. Now, however, it was making up for lost time.

McLeod got comfortably seated beside the pilot. Then he felt the thrill of swift motion, and suddenly saw the ground falling away from him. The city receded, its parks and houses grew smaller, even its Maidan became insignificant. Then the airplane seemed to get its wind and darted forward over the great flat lands divided by the white streak of the Hooglay.

They dipped and came nearer the ground.

"If we go too high you will miss the scenery. It is monotonous amongst the clouds. The human interest is lost. Down here we see man and his works," remarked the pilot. "In India an airman cannot easily lose his way; there is always some big river to guide him. It looks as if nature had placed them there for our special benefit. I will take you a trip up the Hooglay this morning"

The lower reaches of the river were alive with various craft, but as they got farther inland and past the big factories the steamers were left behind and only the plodding dhows were to be seen carrying their freights up and down

At one point they swerved to the right, where a muddy tributary joined the main stream.

"Is that a dhow stranded there?" asked McLeod, adjusting his field-glasses and looking at a boat that was motionless, half hidden amongst the rushes and long reeds.

"It was in the exact same spot ten days ago when I passed over here. It is certainly a queer place for a dhow to be," Gilbert replied.

"Would you mind dipping a little more, and taking a circle over this dhow? I am particularly interested in something I see on its deck." McLeod spoke in excited tones.

The pilot in response brought the airplane as near the ground as he could and they passed over the top of the boat that was anchored in such a strange place

"Yes, it is the fakir. They are trying to hurry him below out of sight; but I got a good glimpse of him. There he is, ashes and all. Now, Gilbert, put the best speed you can on your machine and race for Calcutta. A man's reputation and his future wife depend on your getting there before he resigns his post."

The pilot responded to his guest's request, and the city soon rushed towards them with its smoke, its houses, and its parks. On alighting McLeod hastened to Macpherson's office. He found him in the act of drawing up his resignation.

'Leave that alone, man," he cried, "I have got the clew, and found the fakir.

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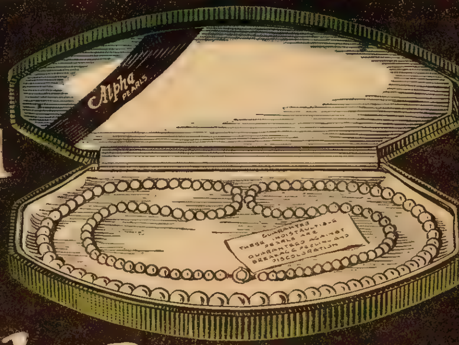

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Write Plainly in Pencil

Get a launch, and bring some men with you. We must not waste a moment."

Macpherson was a man of action, and soon he and McLeod were racing up the river, this time on a motor boat, whose speed seemed poor compared with that of the airplane. The dhow was still in the same hiding-place, possibly the crew thought that their prisoner had not been noticed, and when Macpherson came alongside they denied that they had a fakir on board. However, he had too much at stake to be put off by idle words, and jumping on deck he proceeded to investigate for himself, and soon out of the corner of the hold he pulled the long lost man.

The fakir had a strange story to tell. He had been induced to enter a closed carriage on being told that it had been especially sent for him by the head of police, to whom he had sent a communication. He was driven out of the city and at a quiet spot was taken on board the dhow and carried up the river, and kept hidden in that isolated backwater. Only once or twice had he been allowed on deck, and fortunately on the last occasion the occupants of the airplane had detected him.

But what did he know about the mystery of the silver? That was what Macpherson was impatient to learn. The fakir hesitated to speak. Macpherson handed him a bag of rupees. He felt it carefully to gauge its value. Then satisfied, told his tale.

He had suspected that the people frequenting Samarendra's free suppers, as they were called, had some other purpose. Genuine cases of poverty had been rudely turned away, so he had squatted by the gate and watched. Soon he discovered that these people who came at nightfall were secret messengers from hundreds of small shops thruout the city, each bringing perhaps the day's or the week's takings in silver. They were given a simple meal of rice by way of camouflage. Thus the silver was being gathered in.

Where was it stored? Did the fakir know? Macpherson and McLeod were almost breathless now in their eagerness to hear. Again there was a pause, and another bag of rupees had to be passed along. The fakir took time to explain that he had informed Samarendra of his discovery, and the latter had paid him to keep quiet, but he had gradually put up his price until Samarendra was in a towering passion, and refused to give more; then he had sent word to the police, and Samarendra had shipped him off. Yes, the silver was in the big house. But that was impossible, for Macpherson had searched every inch of it. Surely not in the stone pillars on the veranda, for there were twenty of them, and they were all hollow.

Macpherson did not wait another moment, but bundled the fakir into the motor boat, cast off, and made the little engines go at their top speed, as they raced back to Calcutta. On landing he hurried to secure authority for another search, while McLeod motored round and picked up Sir Howard, who, they felt ought to be present at the critical moment. Then there was a raid on Samarendra's lordly mansion; but this time his ornate pillars were the objects of interest. One by one they were tapped, and found chock-a-block with silver rupees.

"This is a find, Macpherson," said Sir Howard in his delight, taking the younger man's hands in his. "I congratulate you, for you have saved the situation. We shall make such an example of this—this silver sponge—that no one will ever dare to follow his example. My daughter will be delighted. She said you would win, that you always did. That promises well for your further venture."

The prophecy proved true, and McLeod had to buy another wedding present.

Thieves' Wit

(Continued From Page 13.)

erence to the relief of being freed from Mrs. Bleecker's presence.

"If she bothers you why don't you let her go?" said Mount.

"Poor soul! What would she do?" said Irma. "She'd never get another situation, she's so disagreeable. Besides, I don't know that I could do any better.

"Hardly worth while," said Mount. "You won't require the services of a chapeeron much longer."

This was plain enough. It killed conversation for a moment or two. I was sure Irma sent an imploring glance in my direction, but I kept my eyes on my plate. Was it imploring me not to judge her, or imploring me to support her in what she meant to do, or imploring me to save her from it? How was a man to tell? I am sure she would have been glad if I had forced the question into the open, but I didn't know how to do it. True, I could have dropped a bomb in the middle of the table that would have shattereed Mount's hopes. But my lips were sealed by my promise to him.

Mount made some facetious remark at which we laughed and fled from the disconcerting subject. But it seemed as if we could not avoid it for long. The most innocent line of conversation had a way of landing us squarely in front of it. As when Irma said:

"Have you heard that Beulah Maddox has started again to get a divorce?"

Miss Maddox had been the heavy woman in our company.

"That is the eleventh time she has started proceedings, isn't it?" said I.

"Constant in inconstancy!" murmured Mount.

"Miss Maddox's emotions are like soap-bubbles," I said.

"Do you think women are fickle?" Irma asked with a direct look in which there was something very painful.

I, thinking of poor Roland agonizing over his shorthand book until after midnight every night, could not help but shrug slightly.

"If they are it's the men's fault!" said Irma bitterly. "The men I have known would make constancy in women an indication of imbecility!"

So there we were again!

"Funny, isn't it," drawled Mount, "how the sexes have no use for each other, yet love stories still sell."

We laughed again. You had to admit Mount was a good man at a dinner table.

I excused myself early on the plea of business, and went direct to Roland. Here I find I am a little ahead of my story, for I have not told you of his present circumstances.

ROLAND had forsworn the stage. In this, as in everything else, he was an extremist, and he had cut himself off absolutely from his former life. People were always deceived by Roland's quietness. That composed face and indifferent manner concealed a capacity for white hot passion. As a matter of fact, I suppose, really passionate people are always like this, they couldn't live with themselves else, but we are blind to it. Roland had the spirit of a fanatic. He was always torturing himself one way or another. You couldn't help being fond of him he was so noble—and so silly.

Now, if you please, he had sold everything he possessed, and with the proceeds had pensioned off his old servant with an annuity. The mysterious legacy which had counted so against him, he had turned over to me with instructions to use it in bringing the thieves of Irma's pearls to justice. I couldn't very well refuse the money without confessing that Walter Dunsany was backing me, and no one in the world, not even Sadie, was to know of the relations between Mr. Dunsany and me. Besides, if I hadn't taken it he would have done something more foolish with it. So I was holding it in trust.

Having divested himself literally of every cent, Roland set about finding a job. Among his old acquaintances there were several prominent men who would have been glad to put him in the way of a good berth, but of course he would not apply to them. I could have done something for him myself, but he would not let me. He wanted to stand on his own bottom, he said. He set about answering advertisements, and visiting employment bureaus like any green lad from the country.

Roland with his romantic good looks could not be insignificant in any sphere however humble. He had some quaint experiences. More than once he had to fall back on his good looks to save himself, as he thought, from starvation. He served as a demonstrator for a while, and another time as a model. Roland used to say at this time that he hated his good looks, and I really think he meant it.

He finally landed a job as assistant bookkeeper and invoice clerk with a coffee importer on Water street. How he hypnotized them into believing he could keep books I can't say. His salary was ten dollars a week, and he lived within it, which you will grant was something of a change for the late darling of the matinees. He had a hall bedroom on East Seventeenth street, and ate outside. In the evenings he boned shorthand. His idea was to become first an expert law stenographer, and finally to study law.

I found him as usual in the wretched little room, bending over the shorthand manual with a green shade over his eyes. I was the only visitor in those days. He was thinner than of yore, not so harrassed perhaps, but grimmer. There were deep hawklike lines from his proud nose to the corners of his bitter lips. It made me savage to see him wasting his splendid youth in this fashion.

"I just had dinner with Irma," I said.

"Yes?" he said calmly.

You never could get any change out of Roland. Whatever he felt he never dropped that hawk mask.

"Mount was there."

"Charming fellow, Mount."

"Do you like him?" I asked amazed.

"I neither like him nor dislike him," he said evenly. "He's a charming fellow, isn't he?"

"Oh, that's the tag they put on him," I said impatiently.

He returned his attention to the shorthand book. This unnatural pretence of indifference exasperated me beyond bearing.

"I believe they're preparing to get married," I said brutally.

"We expected that, didn't we?"

"Don't you care?"

"Not overmuch."

I knew he lied.

"What do you want to put on this pretence with me for?" I demanded. "If you were really as callous and unfeeling as you make out I wouldn't bother with you."

He merely smiled.

I was determined to rouse him. "She doesn't love him," I said.

"He's rich," he returned with a sneer.

All the time I was trying to goad him I was getting more worked up myself. "That's not it!" I answered angrily. "Nobody knows it better than you. She's sound to the core. It's only your black temper that sees evil in her!"

"Then how do you explain Mount?" he asked.

"That's her instinct," I said. "It would be any good woman's instinct. She's trying to persuade herself that she loves him to fill the horrible emptiness of her heart since you failed her."

"I fail her?" he said with his eyebrows making two peaks.

"Precisely. You have no right to allow her to go on thinking that you are guilty."

"I don't care to go into that again," he said with his immovable stubbornness.

"If there is a catastrophe it will be your fault," I cried

"Really, as I've told you often, you've missed your vocation, Ben," he said with his bitter smile. "You're so romantic. Let's change the subject."

"I won't," I cried. "I'm glad I'm romantic, if that's what it is. I love her a sight better than you ever did, because I have no hopes there myself. I am thinking of her. You think of nothing but yourself and your childish pride!"

"Bravo, Ben!" he said mockingly.

"I can't stand aside and see her marry Mount. He's too old. There's an evil spot in him some place that I can't put my finger on."

"Well, what are you going to do about?"

"I came to you to get you to let me off my promise to say nothing."

That roused him as nothing else could. He sprang up, his face dark with passion. He actually threatened me with his fist.

"You swore to me!" he cried. "By ——! if you break your oath——"

"Keep your hair on," I said. "Am I not here asking you to let me off?"

"I will not let you off," he said. "This is my affair, and mine only——"

"How about her?" I put in.

He did not hear me.

"You mean to be my friend, but friendship has no right to dictate another man's private affairs. I lead my life as I have to. You lead yours. No interference. That's the only way we can be friends. The only way you can help me in this is by bringing the thieves to book."

"But that's going to be a long chase," I groaned. "Meanwhile Mount is making hay. What's the use of publishing the truth if the mischief is already done?"

He shrugged. "If she can bring herself to marry Mount——!"

The self-sufficiency of a passionate young man! I could almost have wept at my helplessness against his obstinacy. "Be fair!" I cried. "It is our experience, our knowledge of men that warns us against Mount. How can she tell?"

"This does no good," he muttered.

In his bitter wrongheadedness I believe that he almost wished that Irma might find out her mistake too late.

But I would not give up, tho I felt it was useless. "What happiness can there be for any of us if Irma comes to grief?" I said.

"Oh, for God's sake drop it!" he cried painfully. "What's the good of tearing open these old sores. You're off on the wrong tack. I've told you often enough. What if you did tell her I was innocent, and she turned back to me. That would be worse. I have nothing for her. I don't believe in her. She's dead to me. You can't revive that sort of thing."

"Very well, then," I said. "It would be more merciful never to tell her that you are innocent."

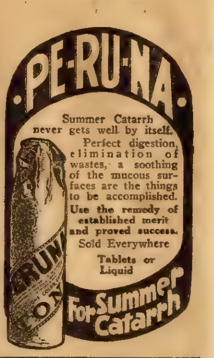
That touched him. "Oh——!" he said sharply taken aback. "A man doesn't like to dwell under that sort of accusation! He quickly recovered himself. "Just as you think best," he said hardily.

But let him make believe all he liked, the one little glimpse had convinced me that he was human after all.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT WAS on the way home from Roland's room in the dark and silent side streets that I first discovered I was being trailed. Since receiving Sadie's report of Milbourne's visit to her office I had expected this. It troubled me little. My position as commander-in-chief kept me behind the lines, and they would not learn much by following me. My mail I got from the postoffice myself, and our telephone conversations as a rule would not have conveyed anything to an outsider, if he did succeed in intercepting them. At the same time it was annoying to know oneself watched. I wondered if there was any advantage to be gained from a counter stroke. Since they had succeeded in bringing me into the open, I had a mind to take an open shot at them. I began to lay my plans forthwith.

My shadow picked me up as I issued from my house next morning. He waited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outside the restaurant where I had my breakfast and accompanied me to the office. Looking out of my office window I could actually see him sitting on a bench in Bryant Park opposite. He was a slender young man with an unwholesome complexion and mean, sharp eyes, a "sleuth" of the cheapest type. I wondered somewhat since they thought me worth following, that they had not chosen a better instrument than that.

He had a good long wait, for I sent out for sandwiches at lunch time. At 2 o'clock he was relieved by a man, considerably beefier but not a bit more intelligent-looking. It apparently had not occurred to either of them to investigate if I was watching them.

I determined to reach back at my enemies thru their own spy. Having telephoned Sadie to have two good men meet me at the New Amsterdam Hotel at 5:30, I sallied forth. My shadow resumed his attendance at my heels in the most obvious way. What kind of a fool did he think I was! It was child's play to shake him off. I merely went thru the drug store in the Times Building and down stairs to the subway station. I crossed under the tracks, mixed in the crowd on the up-town platform, and ascended to the street again. I saw my gum-shoe artist no more.

I met the two men Sadie sent me, gave them their instructions and went home. My only fear now was that I might not be able to find my trailer again. But by and by, to my satisfaction, I saw the beefy one loafing across the street. I went out and dined well, while he looked thru the restaurant window. I took in a show, letting him cool his heels outside the theater and afterwards treated myself to one of old Adam's rabbits and a mug of near-beer. It was near midnight when I was thru with that and the time was ripe for my little comedy. I wended my way towards the office with gum-shoes hard on my trail.

The little building where I have my office is given over entirely to business, and is closed for the night at 10 o'clock. Like the other tenants, I am provided with a latchkey, in case I have to get in after hours. I am often there late, but I have never met any of the other tenants at night.

It all went thru as on roller bearings. I walked down Fortieth street softly whistling "Mighty Lak' a Rose," which was my signal to the two men. They were posted in the shadow of the last doorway I had to pass before turning into my own. The block is a quiet one at that hour.

I let myself into my building and waited just inside the door. When gum-shoes came along all unsuspicious, my two friends jumped him, and holding his mouth, hustled him in after me, before he well knew what had struck him. We improvised a gag out of a handkerchief, and carried him up-stairs to my office The fellow did not even kick.

We dumped him in a chair and turned on the lights. Then we stood off, and the three of us burst out laughing simultaneously. You never saw a more comical sight than the expression of that poor bloodhound who suddenly found himself treed by his quarry! I now had no further use for the two men, so I tipped them and they left us. I locked the door after them and put the key in my pocket. I told my prisoner he might unfasten his gag, and I sat down at my desk facing him. On the desk I prominently displayed a wicked-looking automatic. I had no idea of using it, but it made a potent argument.

Having laughed at the man I felt almost friendly towards him. I offered him a cigar.

He ignored it, and I put it away. "What do you mean by this outrage!" he demanded.

I laughed afresh. "Come off, Jack!" I said. "You must think I'm a downy chick."

At that he climbed down, and asked for the cigar quite humbly. "What do you want of me?" he muttered

"Just a little heart to heart talk," I said, grinning.

"You can't make me talk," he growled.

I played with the revolver. "There's not a soul in the building but ourselves," I said offhand.

The janitor lived on the top floor, but I supposed he didn't know that.

He wilted right down. He had no nerve at all. "I ain't got nothin' against you personally," he whined. "I only got my living to make the same as yourself."

"Who hired you to trail me?" I asked.

"I don't know what guy's got it in for you," he stammered. "Honest, I only got my orders from the office."

"What office?"

"If you queer me there I'll lose my job. I'm a married man with two children.'"

"I'll tell them I put a gun to your head."

"Aw, let me go. I ain't got nothin' against you."

I picked up the gun. "Come across! Who hired you."

"The —— Detective Agency," he stuttered.

He named one of the largest agencies in town. Of course, I didn't know but what he was lying, but I meant to find out before I let him go. I turned a threatening scowl on him, and let my hand stray towards the gun again.

"I want the truth," I said.

He watched my hand like one hypnotized. Little drops of sweat broke out on his forehead. "For God's sake, Mister——!" he chattered. "For God's sake ——! I'm telling you the truth. I'm only a poor operative. I don't know who wants to get you!"

"You'll have to prove it," I said.

"Call up the agency," he muttered. "They're open all night. My name is Atterbury. I'm number 68."

The instrument was at my hand. I got the number, and was presently answered by a brash young voice demanding to know what I wanted.

"This is B. Enderby," I said "of No. —— West Fortieth street. Have you got an operative working for you named Atterbury, number 68 on your books?'"

"I don't know," returned the voice. "We don't give any information over the phone. Call around and let us look you over." He hung up.

This little passage made me downright hot, and I suppose it showed in my face when I looked at the detective again.

"Wh-what's the matter?" he stammered.

"They refuse to identify you."

He became still paler and clammier if that were possible. "Let me—let me call them," he stammered.

I shoved the instrument towards him and waited. When he got his number he fell all over himself trying to explain. "Who is this, Dixon?—Oh, Jones. Jones—for God's sake—this is Atterbury. Square me, can't you? This guy Enderby—I mean Mr. Enderby's got me sewed up in his office. He's got me covered—for God's sake, square me! Or I'm a goner!"

He shoved the instrument towards me. I kept one hand on my gun, inwardly I was shaking with laughter. "This is Enderby again," I said into the transmitter. "Now you have the situation. What about it?"

"I know you!" cried the brash voice, now thoroughly scared. "I've got your name and number. If anything happens to our man we've got you dead to rights."

"Sure," I said laughing. "You identify him, then?"

"Sure, I do! And if anything happens to him——"

"That's all I wanted to know," I said. "Good-by." And this time I did the hanging up.

I got up and unlocked the door. "Get!" I said to Mr. Atterbury. "If you take my advice, old man, you'll go into some other line."

He made grand time on the stairs.

THE head of the —— Detective Agency was Dongan, a well-known and able man, once the head of the New York Detective Bureau. He belonged to a school of investigation different from mine, but I respected his ability and I knew him to be above reproach. I was sure in this situation I could not do better than go direct to him. I called next morning.

"So you're in the same line?" he said looking at my card.

"That accounts for my business with you," I replied.

"What can I do for you?"

"Haven't your people told you what happened in my office last night?"

"No. Explain yourself."

"We are in the same line. Hunting down crooks. The supposition is that we handle only clean business."

"What are you getting at?" he demanded scowling.

"I came to ask you to explain why you're tracking me in the legitimate pursuit of my business. You will agree, I think, that it looks fishy"

"I don't know anything about it," he said crossly. "I don't know you."

"I will wait while you inquire," I said mildly

He went into his outer office. In about five minutes he returned bringing a younger man

"Well, you seem to have the goods on us, Enderby," he said ruefully. "It was a small job and I was not consulted."

"Our client never told us you were a detective," said the other man.

"I will make the excuses," said his employer dryly. "Describe the man who engaged us to trail Mr. Enderby."

"Gave his name as Lawlor. Fleshy man about 45 years old. Red face, big black or dark brown mustache. Wears a cutaway coat and silk hat, very active in his movements."

"Has unusually large feet," I added, "which he slaps down in a peculiar way when he walks."

"Why, yes," said the young man, surprised "You know him?"

"Not so well as I would like to," I said

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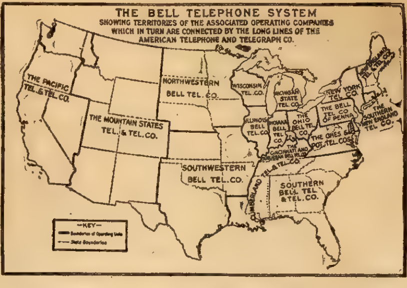
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dryly. "What address did he give you?"

"We haven't got his address?"

"Where were your reports to be sent?"

The young man consulted a card. "Box 229, Station W, New York."

"Well, that something," I said, and rose. "When you report to him please don't mention that I've been in."

"There will be no more reports," said Dongan shortly. "We'll return his money."

"If you want to make up to me for the trouble you've put me to, make him one more report," I suggested. "Simply tell him that upon learning that I was a detective, Mr. Dongan directed that the business be refused."

"I will do that," Dongan said

"When would you ordinarily report to him?" I asked.

"This morning," the young man replied. I guessed from his foolish expression that a lurid account of the last night's proceedings had already been written.

"Good!" I said. "Will you please send it right off? I want to watch the letter box."

Dongan agreed.

I hastened to Oscar Nilson's shop. An hour or so later I issued from under his hands, as perfect a specimen of the snuffy old man, the shabby genteel, as you could have found in any public reading-room from Chatham Square to Cooper Union. Oscar is a wonder.

Now that Enderby and Dongan, the latter an old, experienced detective, have joined forces in running down the organized band of jewel thieves, the reader may look for some thrilling doings in the chapters that are to follow this installment of the story. Don't miss next week's Ledger, which will contain the fifth part of this big underworld drama.

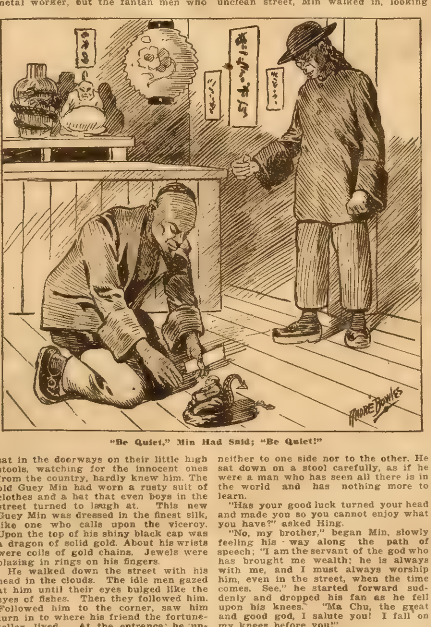
Gods of Gold

(Continued From Page 2.)

the priests in the temple next door began to wonder if the new one, the god of the sea, would answer the prayers of the Chow Tsien man.

Unscrupulous ones, who wanted nothing better than to get rich without working, hid themselves in the dark passageway outside his door, hoping that they might learn the spell by which money was obtained suddenly. But, save for a low mumbling, broken by the clink of metal, they heard nothing, and were compelled to go away unsatisfied.

And then, one afternoon, when the sun was shining on the other side of the street, there walked out of the doorway of the house next to the temple, the metal worker, but the fantan men who sat in the doorways on their little high stools, watching for the innocent ones from the country, hardly knew him. The old Guey Min had worn a rusty suit of clothes and a hat that even boys in the street turned to laugh at. This new Guey Min was dressed in the finest silk, like one who calls upon the viceroy. Upon the top of his shiny black cap was a dragon of solid gold. About his wrists were coils of gold chains. Jewels were blazing in rings on his fingers.



"Be Quiet," Min Had Said; "Be Quiet!"

He walked down the street with his head in the clouds. The idle men gazed at him until their eyes bulged like the eyes of fishes. Then they followed him. Followed him to the corner, saw him turn in to where his friend the fortune-teller, lived. At the entrance, he unfolded his fan and knocked loudly at the door

"Loi heung," came a voice from the inside.

He who had been a metal worker would accept no such invitation as that. Yesterday, in old clothes, he would have turned the knob like any other man who wanted to see Hing, but today, ah! that was different. He was no longer a poor man and he must not be treated like one, and asked to open the door for himself, just like any beggar who might knock.

"Hoi, hoi!" he called, drawing himself up until he seemed to grow an inch taller. That was the difference between silk and cloth that was old and ragged

There was a movement inside the room, a grumbling expostulation. So great a man as the fortune-teller does not like to be commanded in a country that is free, and where all men are supposed to be equal. The knob was turned slowly, the door was opened as if against its will, and the face of Hing was thrust out, a scowling, angry face, lined with wrinkles. He noted the silks, the hat with the dragon, the jewels, and then he drew in his breath with a loud noise, so loud that even the ones on the street heard

"Guey Min," he said slowly, while the corners of his mouth turned upward. He reached out with one lean hand and touched the blouse. "Guey Min," he repeated, like a man who is not sure. "Has the fan-tan joss been smiling, ha? Come in, my friend, and tell me. It is only two days age that I lost all I had to the devils."

With his robes gathered around him like a dainty woman who walks on an unclean street, Min walked in, looking neither to one side nor to the other. He sat down on a stool carefully, as if he were a man who has seen all there is in the world and has nothing more to learn.

"Has your good luck turned your head and made you so you cannot enjoy what you have?" asked Hing.

"No, my brother," began Min, slowly feeling his way along the path of speech; "I am the servant of the god who has brought me wealth; he is always with me, and I must always worship him, even in the street, when the time comes. See," he started forward suddenly and dropped his fan as he fell upon his knees. "Ma Chu, the great and good god, I salute you! I fall on my knees before you!"

He touched his forehead to the floor. Those who were in the room stared at the corner to which he had pointed, but they saw nothing but darkness, tho their eyes were wide open. Had they not known and talked to him, they would have called him a madman. A poor man might be mad, but a man with money cannot be. He sat on the stool again and was fanning himself. Hing, fortune-teller, to whom other men bowed, was bowing to him, offering him tea from a Tokio cup. Here was one to bend the knee to. He took from a shelf a thing wrapped in silk. He removed the covering and held a bamboo opium pipe in both hands, preciously—a brown pipe, old and seasoned, and with ivory carvings by a master.

"In all this country, this is the best," he said; "in all of our own country, there is only one other like it." He waved his hand toward a couch in the corner "If you would smoke with me, I would always remember that I was once your good and true friend."

FACING each other, lying with the little lamp between them, they smoked, while in the other corner, men were talking in whispers, and as he smoked, Hing stole sly glances at the gold and jewels of the metal worker. They glistened like the sun shining on water and they hurt his eyes. So this thing he had heard about had come true at last, and Guey Min was rich—rich in a day—while he, foreteller of the future, had nothing. This man had been his friend, smoked with him, drunk tea with him, eaten with him. Surely, that was something.

The voices in the corner were like bees among sweet flowers. They soothed him. He closed his eyes and saw himself back in China, in his own province. A great gold chain hung around his neck, as big as the one worn by Min, and on his cap was a mandarin's button. He was rich, happy, respected. Those who passed nudged each other and pointed him out as a great man. He opened his eyes and gazed dully at the flickering light. He counted the gold buttons on Min's coat, there were twelve of them, and each one was worth——. He leaned across the tray until his withered lips almost touched the ear of the smoker.

"Is it the secret?" he asked. Then he held his breath.

"The gods have been good to their faithful servant," was the answer. "Like a tree after the blossoms, the secret of the master has borne fruit."

"Will you tell your friend who has always wished you well?" asked Hing, making his voice humble

Guey Min raised himself on one elbow and peered towards the corner.

"It is not for everyone to know this thing," he replied. "Send them away and I will tell you enough to make you rich, too."

In an instant, Hing had jumped from the couch. He waved his hands with authority.

"P'ang-yau," his voice quavered; "you must go. I am to tell a great fortune now, and we must be alone." He opened the door wide and gazed at them fiercely as if they were all enemies. Grumbling and with hesitation, they trickled out into the street, where they mingled with the others and stood defiantly. They had gone like children, with laggard steps, yet afraid to disobey. The door closed behind them, they heard the key whine in the lock, and their chance for the great secret was gone.

In the heart of Hing, there came a feeling of exultation. His story of losing all his money had been a false one, but it had helped him, for now riches would shine on him like the sun in the morning, and his old age would rest softly on the bed of wealth.

On the couch, the metal worker was smoking a cigarette, and as the eyes of the fortune-teller rested on him, there came a smile to his lips, and as a man preparing for a feast, he smiled, licked his lips, and walked towards his friend He drew his feet out of his sandals and lay down on the other side of the lamp. His cheeks burned, and his hand trembled as he held the yen hoc with its burden of opium over the conical flame of the tang. It seemed to him a long while

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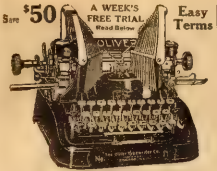

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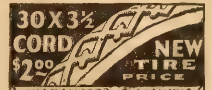

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before he found the courage to speak, and then:

"I am glad the secret has come to you," he began, as he rolled the pill of golden brown on the bowl of the priceless pipe. "Is it very hard to make it turn into money?"

"It requires very great labor," returned Min, as he put his lips to the ivory mouthpiece. He inhaled the smoke leisurely, as a man of means should, he blew it out in great clouds until it filled the air with a pungent smell, and when the last deep-drawn whiff had ascended to the smoke-blackened ceiling, he began his story, while the fortune-teller listened eagerly. In all his life he had never heard anything like this. He had conjured up many strange tales for those who had paid him to read the future for them, but this—this was the most wonderful of all. Min's voice came soft and low, but it was sure, as of a man reading from a book and knowing exactly what the next word is going to be. It was truth.

"Just before my master died, he called me to him and said: 'Min, you have been a faithful servant and a good pupil, and some day you will be a great man and a great artist, for you have already signed your own name. But, as great men are often poor men, I'm going to tell you how you may become rich. There will come a day when the overhead sun will be darkened by the powerful hand of Buddha. Watch for it carefully, for sometimes it only happens once in a lifetime, and on the night of that day, take all the gold you have and make the image of Ma Chu, and pour fine wine upon the floor before him. When twenty-eight days have passed, gold will fall from him like snow from the clouds, and for every day after, that you worship enough, will come from him to equal his own weight and you will be rich.'

"He said no more. He died. I have waited, the sun became darkened; I have made a gold Ma Chu. I am rich." He held out both hands, cup-like. "Every day they are full. I need no more, but will help those who have been my friends."

The mouth of Hing was open, his lips were dry, and he moved uneasily on the matting

"Can only one be made?" he asked, as he rubbed the stem of the pipe with his sleeve to appear indifferent.

"I will help those who have been my friends, for I need no more. I will make for you a god of gold; it will cost you nothing but the metal that goes in it, and then, if you like, you can make still more money by telling the fortunes of others and afterward sending them to me."

"You are my true friend." Hing rubbed his hands together. Already he could feel the touch of wealth.

"Your fame as a fortune-teller will grow like a garden when the summer rains come, and you will be great as well as rich." As he sat up, his silks rustled. "Now I must go. Bring the money when you are ready." He pushed his feet into his sandals, walked over, unlocked the door, and went out, leaving on the couch, the fortune-teller, who was dreaming

All of his life Hing had been a careful, cautious man, so much so that he was called kan-shan. In his trunk, always locked, was money, and long after he was left alone, he lay there and thought. There were two roads for him to tread and he could travel both at the same time. Who had ever heard of such a thing as that? He had enough gold to make a Ma Chu—that was one road—and he could show men the short path to fortune—that was the other. So he smoked himself into an opium dreamland which lasted until the sun was struggling to get in thru the dusty window panes. When he awoke, there was a bad taste in his mouth, the lamp had burned out and was cold, and the door was unlocked. There were things which must be done before he had eaten, so he painted a sign on brown paper, which he pasted on his door·

HING TELLS THE WAY TO WEALTH

How to Become Rich Without Work

Then he went to the chest where he kept his money, and out of a bag, he poured a double handful of gold pieces. Some were shiny and some were dull, but all were gold. Melted down, he calculated, they would make a god a little bigger than his double fist. Then there came to his mind the words of Min: "Enough gold will come from him to equal his own weight." From out of another bag, he took a roll of bank bills and carried them to a shop where they gave gold for paper money What he got he added to the pile, and without waiting to even turn the key in his door, he ran to the house in the shadow of the temple

"Make me a Ma Chu god," he said; "when will it be done? I am the first one don't forget. I shall buy the house on the corner; the room in front shall be for you. I will make the floor of teak wood; I will have curtains of brocade. Men will say we are brothers, and that you are the best one, for I will wait on you as on a master."

He walked up and down like a peacock, his shoulders thrown back and his arms swinging. Min, not replying, was weighing the money. Then he poured it into an iron pot which stood on the stove in which the fire was not yet lighted.

"In twenty-eight days, my friend," he said, as he lighted a match to kindle the fire, "and then you will see I have told you the truth."

GOOD news travels on feet with wings, and so when Hing returned his face cracking with smiles, and feeling that a dozen years had fallen away from him, he found many men waiting. Reading the sign, hearing that the metal worker, become suddenly wealthy, had called upon him the night before, that they had been a long while together, they became suddenly anxious.

"Ho la, Hing," said one; "I have heard that the morning is the time for good fortunes. Tell me mine. Is there such a thing as money without work?"

"Everything is possible to those who believe," he answered; "but one piece of gold upon the table and you shall hear that which will make you happy until the day of your death."

"I have silver," he said; "it is good as gold."

"Gold to get gold," he answered sharply

"Here". It was another who spoke eagerly, pulling a gold piece from his pocket, and Hing led him to an inner room, while the others babbled among themselves, excitedly

"The secret," he began, "has been told to me. It is only for the worshipers of Buddha."

"Guey Min's?" asked the man, moving in his chair uneasily

"Guey Min's," responded Hing placidly "But all must come to me first. He says so. There is no other way. And this is what you must do." He leaned forward and whispered, telling the story of the Ma Chu god with wonderful detail, adding flourishes here and mysteries there, until the lower jaw of the listener sagged like that of a dead man, and he shivered as if a cold wind were blowing upon his back. "Gold brings gold," he ended with. "I have told you all, and if your hands become hard with work, you are not worthy to live."

Until it was dark, they came and went, in and out of Hing's rooms, and everywhere men began to change their money into gold coins. The door of the metal worker was never closed, and the iron pot was always on the stove. There was no gold left in Mott street, nor in Doyers, nor in Pell, where Chinese lived. They went down town to the treasury with money in small sacks, even pennies, to have it changed into gold pieces; merchants drew gold out of their banks so they could have Ma Chus made. Poor men, who had little, formed themselves into companies, and each contributed as much to the common fund as he was able. It was a Celestial frenzy. Every day, and sometimes twice a day, Hing would go around to the metal worker's with a few more coins and say.

"Make my god a little bigger" Then he would rub his hands together and grin, showing the place in his gums where there were no teeth. "Make it just a little bigger, brother, for I was the one you told first."

The money poured in like a stream, and every man who went to Min's place saw him making gods from a pot of yellow metal, saw rows of them cooling on the bench, on the shelves, and along the edges of the floor. Two priests of the temple called on him and asked about this thing they had heard; asked him about his own god, and he pulled aside a little curtain and showed them a small yellow figure with pearl eyes and a silver hat. In front was a pot of perfumed oil with a floating wick that was burning in it, and all around the god were flakes of metal

"That is what my god gives me, every day, enough of these to equal his own weight." He picked a piece up and handed it to them. "There is nothing like that in the temple, is there? Keep it, I have plenty."

They went away wondering, but one, who was crafty, and who had fine wrinkles around his eyes, remarked

"Perhaps this is not gold; it may be a deception."

To make sure, they secretly sent it to a man who was skilled in all kinds of metals and asked him to tell them what it was. He sent it back with his answer. It was pure gold with no alloy in it. So the story was true after all, and the priests began to talk among themselves as they sat at night in the room back of the temple. Why should they not profit, too. Their own Ma Chu was made of wood and had green jade eyes. Every day, for years, they had brushed the dust from his face and shoulders and he had given them nothing, whereas—— They would do it. Why not? So they put their gold together and carried it next door to be made into a money god

Business was neglected, ordinary gods were left unworshiped, even fan-tan games were unprofitable. There was only one place of interest, and that was the room of Guy Min, where he was working, out of the goodness of his artist's heart, to make all Chinese rich. Hing was counting the days nervously. It was almost time

There is nothing which does not come to an end if one will only wait, and when he had come to twenty-eight, he walked with the eagerness of a bridegroom on his wedding day, taking some

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of his friends with him, for now there was no longer such a thing as a secret. With great ceremony it—his Ma Chu—was handed to him.

"It does not look like gold—it is not so yellow," said an envious one who had not been able to get enough money.

"Wait, my friend, and I will show you." The metal worker smiled with superiority, as he who explains to a child. With a sharp tool, he bored a hole on the back of the god, and he gave the little pieces which came out to Hing. "Take those to the wise men who know, and ask them about it."

So, to make quite surè, and because he wanted to convince the man who had spoken, Hing took the pieces to the assayer's office to be tested, and he was told the same as the priests had been told, that they were of the purest gold, virgin. So he was satisfied. One, two, three at a time, the gods were claimed by their owners and taken from the rooms of Guey Min, until the day came when all were gone, until every fifth man in Chinatown had resigned himself to the life that follows great riches. Prayers went up like smoke from a fire on a still day.

Days and nights passed, and the unwinking, unblinking pearl eyes of the gold gods stared at bending, bowing, salaaming figures which begged them to shed fortune as the sun sheds its rays. A hundred times a day did the anxious Hing pull aside the curtain and look for a trace of the golden flakes, but all he saw was the settling dust of the joss sticks.

A padlock was on the door of the metal worker's room in the house next to the temple, and he had gone, and could not, therefore, be consulted nor asked for advice. And then a man who knew, went up one day and looked at the god that Hing had bought. He held it in his hand and scraped the metal from its arm. He rubbed the bits in the palm of his hand.

"Gold?" he repeated, contemptuously, "gold? It is brass." He turned it over so that it lay on its face, and he noted the hole in the back. "There is gold," he said, picking at it, "but not enough to make a button for a baby's shirt. A fine secret to make money—but only for Guey Min, ha?"

* * * * * * *

It is said that the metal worker took away enough gold to fill a wheelbarrow, and that if they catch him they will kill him.

* * *

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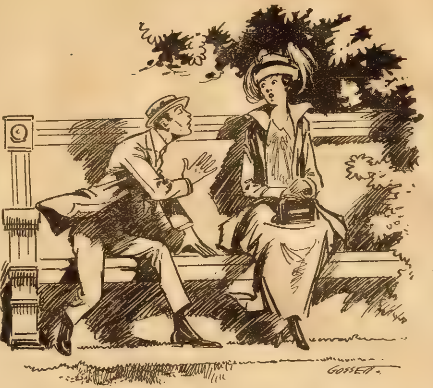

The Dream Man by Opie Read

THE following advertisement appeared in a morning newspaper:

> WANTED—A handsome and intelligent girl. Send photograph with letter giving idea of fitness to BX, care this paper.

"It's a funny advertisement," said a young woman to her mother.

They were at the breakfast table, and conditions which made it necessary that the girl should find some sort of employment had been under discussion. She had recently been graduated from an expensive school, where the pride of the mother had kept her regardless of the strain upon a meager purse.

"You are not thinking of applying, I hope," replied the mother.

"Well, I wasn't really thinking of it, but why not? You have spent everything on me, and now here I am, a trinket rubbed bright and made useless. The truth is, there does not seem to be employment for a woman whose mind has been steered off from the practical. She had been taught to select, and selection is not permitted to those in need. I have tried to get a position in the public schools, and find that it is largely a matter of political preferment. With a seminary flourish I might keep books, with the pages of the ledger dabbled with perfume and with a rosebud in my mouth, but business houses don't want books kept in that way. So what am I to do? Start a flower-stand on the corner? I am going to answer that advertisement. At any rate it will be experience and can do no particular harm."

So she wrote a letter and sent a photograph, and two days later she was requested to call a large business house, an establishment where thousands of things were made and sold mainly by correspondence among country people. Shown into an inner room, away from the noise and the buzz of the busy hive, she stood face to face with the head of the house, an oldish gentleman with a clean look. With the quick and easy grace of a commander he motioned her into a chair, looked at her thru his gold rims, and began pleasantly to talk as if to unfold her mind for inspection. It was some time before he mentioned the business which had prompted the correspondence. Was it so delicate that he found it difficult to get at? At last he said: "Miss, my business with you, if indeed it should go that far, is of a very peculiar nature, and I must place you under the bond of secrecy, whether or not we come to an agreement. Thus far, my experience teaches me that I am exceedingly fortunate in having the opportunity to lay my plan before you. You are educated and refined, and I may say that none other could even approach the undertaking in hand. Our business is such that large sums of money go thru numerous hands. And recently we missed the sum of five thousand dollars. The amount is not vital, of course," he added rather proudly, glancing toward the busy hive, "but it is absolutely necessary to establish an example. The thief must be brought to justice. Suspicion points to a young man, one of the most efficient in our service. We have not a single fact for a basis, and in court we could not crystallize our suspicions into proof or even admissible testimony. This young man boards at a fashionable place where, we understand, he is established as a favorite. Our acquaintance with his temperament leads us to believe that he is impressionable, susceptible, in fact, and it is our aim to convict him thru his emotions. So, we would have you engage board at this place, play upon him, devote yourself to him with the shrewdness which your sex—begging your pardon—always possesses—win his love, his confidence, and extract from him a confession. We will supply you with the necessary funds, and if you succeed, we will, upon conviction, present to you half the sum involved, whether we recover any of it or not. This may strike you as being a peculiar procedure, and it no doubt is, but nearly all new methods are peculiar until they are successful, and then we wonder why they were not adopted sooner. Think over the plan and let me know tomorrow."

"I have thought over it," she replied.

"Yes? And what have you decided?"

"That I am ready to attempt it at once."

On her way home the picture of her school arose in her mind, the classic columns, the cool shades of learning, the professors who believed that within the hollow of their hands they held human destiny; and she smiled to think that she had become a detective. She knew that her mother would object, condemn her with sighs and with tears, but she was determined; and with a blush she acknowledged to herself that the prospect held for her an immodest fascination. But the world was at war against her and why should not he be hunted down and brought to justice? He should.

The mother wept and groaned, but the daughter was firm. "If you have educated me beyond usefulness," said she, "you must permit me to take shrewder work, even if it does not seem to be honorable. And in fact I don't see anything so very dishonorable about it. Wasn't my father a lawyer, and don't you suppose that he sent innocent men to the penitentiary? And you see that I am to convict only upon confession of guilt. The disgrace of the thing? Why, there can't be any disgrace in bringing a criminal to justice. And you will see my picture in the newspapers, together with photographs of my dog and my golf stick, and that reminds me that I must get a dog and golf stick. There is nothing like being prepared, you know. Make light of it? Why I am not making light of it; I was never more serious. Ruin my chances of ever being married? Oh, no, it will open up a market. Perhaps the chief of some detective bureau may propose to me, and people will point at me and say, 'Oh, look, there goes Mrs. Detective Jones!' Married, indeed! I used to think that the man of my dreams might come along, but that is past. The more I become awake, the further away is my dream man. My dream man—how shadowy he is now."

The inmates of Mrs. Van Wirt's were curious to know something of the new boarder. She was so handsome, so graceful and so engaging with her refined manner and even flow of words. Young Pettigrew, the favorite, learned from the landlady that Miss Aimes was from a small town and had come to the city to study music. "Then she is to study herself," said Pettigrew, "for she is a waltz." And how easy she was to get acquainted with. Some one played the piano and she danced in the parlor with Pettigrew, and he trembled under her thrilling touch; she looked at him dreamily and in his sleep he saw her eyes. Some one said, "Old Pet is hit hard," and he was. One Sunday when the weather was fine he drove her about the parks, and during the long hours of that night he sighed upon his pillow. Once he went with her to the theater, a moral drama, in which a man confessed a crime, and she saw that it saddened him, and on the following day she wrote to her employer that she was progressing. She took him to church and saw him tremble under the preacher's words, and at night she walked with him beneath the trees that were in bloom. At last he could endure it no longer. Moonlight, in the park, on a bench—he threw his soul at her feet. He had been a skeptic, scoffing at love, but now he knew that love existed. He had laughed at the idea of God, but now he knew that Christ had died for men. Until he met her, his soul had been only half created. She had breathed upon it to complete the work of the Creator. He was so impassioned that she listened as if to a new and barbaric music. For the first time she beheld a human soul. There was no pride, all was humility. And whether she loved him or not, from that moment his life was not to be the same. He had not been honorable—indeed, he had not been honest. And he had felt no pang of regret until he heard her voice. Gently she led him on, and he confessed that he had robbed his employer.

Her victory was won. On the following morning she called at the great establishment. Again the head of the house looked at her thru his gold rims.

"Well, I see that you have a report to make."

"Yes, I have been successful."

"And you have discovered that the man is guilty?"

"No, that he is absolutely innocent."

Out into the sunshine she went, dazed, not knowing whither she walked. Under a heavy load upon her heart she sighed and tears were in her eyes. "All your work for comparatively nothing," said her mother. "You might have known that their suspicions were unjust." Two

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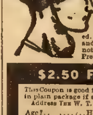

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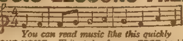

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days later she received a letter from the great man, and when she presented herself he said: "Miss, we were wrong concerning the young man. The money has been found and we have promoted him."

In the park she walked with the thief. His eyes were aglow with honest light, and with love. "You saved my soul," he said to her. By the hand she led him into the room where her mother sat. "Mother," she said, "this is my dream man."

The Jockey and the Maid

By J. C. Lewis

THERE is an old adage which reads: 'Like father, like son, but it is not true four times out of five

Cortland Smith of the city was a manufacturer and dealer in cloth. His son, James, did not know a thing about cloth, except in the suit he wore, and he did not care to know. By the time he could go along the street he was always taken up by horses.

The father had no care for horses He kept no horses and no coach. The way that James learned about horses was by hanging around livery stables.

James, at the age of twenty, became a horse jockey, but had taken care to preserve the respectability of his family. He did not associate with a low class and was not charged with doing anything to lower his reputation. He was known as a good young man, and as for a lover of horses, people said that it was only a fad, and in time James would come to think so

The father was a mild man and seldom lost his temper, but it so happened that he set out one day to have a talk with James. He frequently had talks with him, but had never put a foot down, as on this occasion

He had ridden one of the horses in a race, and his parents looked upon it as a very disgraceful thing. James could not see it that way, and some of the language used hurt and humiliated him. As a result, he did just as many a boy has done. He had some money of his own in the bank and he drew it out, and without giving any warning to anybody, he went wandering. He had never seen the country much, and he wandered on foot over the highways. He had neither suitcase nor trunk, and when night found him, it was at some country inn Dozens of men who met James, suspected that he had run away from home, but it was not for them to interfere. He meant to pay his way and was nice to every one.

The State Fair was to be held that year at Lansing. James did not know it until he had arrived in the town, and what excited him was the news that there was to be a horse race on the morrow. Twenty horses had been entered for the race and the winner was to receive a purse of three hundred dollars

On the day of James' arrival in town, the boy was early on the race track and there learned all about racing. Most of the horses which were to run in the race were already on the ground, and James received pointers on many of them, when he saw a girl of 18 years of age seeming to watch him and seemed desirous of having speech with him. As he had never seen her before, he thought her actions rather curious, when she came up to him, and with much confusion she said

'Can I speak to you?"

"Of course," James replied.

"Then, may I ask if you are a jockey?" continued the girl.

"Why, yes. In a way, I am," replied James.

Then let me ask you how you scratch a horse? Do you take a stick and scratch with it?"

It was with an effort that James repressed a laugh, and as the girl looked at him with great earnestness, he said:

'You have things rather mixed up. When you scratch a horse it means that you have entered your horse in the race When you have given such notice you have scratched your horse. That is, he has been scratched off the list. Have you got a horse to run in the race tomorrow?"

"Yes, we have one I have come here today to scratch him."

"Then you must hurry up and go to the man who is in charge of the racing. He has your horse's name in his book and he will scratch it out. Please tell me more about your horse. Who entered him into the race?"

"Why, my brother Sam did," replied the girl. "We live in that house you see there, and there is my mother and brother and myself in the family. Sam has always been much of a horseman and he is but a boy yet Awhile ago, he traded for this horse and found him very speedy, and that is the reason he entered him in this race. Yesterday, my brother fell off the roof of the shed and injured his ribs so that he can't ride tomorrow. He said I must come here today and scratch the horse."

"But he can get somebody to ride him, can't he?"

"He thinks not," was the answer. "He feels bad about it and I wish you could talk to him"

"So do I" replied James. "Where is the horse?"

"Home, in the stable," was the answer

"And your brother is at home, of course? If you don't mind, I will go home with you, and it may turn out all right, after all."

The two walked together to the girl's house, and the only introduction the girl gave was to say:

'Sam, this gentleman wants to talk to you about the horse. You wanted me to scratch him, but I didn't do so, because I didn't know how.'

It would have taken two girls about a week to get acquainted but with boys it is different. They shake hands, size each other up, and go to talking in friendly spirit right away. By and by, James asked to see the horse and did see him He led him back and forth for awhile and then said

'This horse can go some. He must not be scratched. You cannot ride, but I will ride him for you

"But I cannot pay you," said Sam "The entrance fee is twenty-five dollars"

"Never mind about money said James "If you say I can ride him I will come for him in the morning I am stopping at the inn over there and it will be very little trouble for me. I want to get him out early and exercise him on the track when few people are about I want to understand him and I want him to understand me."

The race came off at the advertised time, and James' horse was the winner by a good margin. Sam was not there to see the fun, but the girl was

After she had shaken hands over the victory James found his father with extended hand and ready to say:

"Why, boy, you are a wonder! I heard you came this way and I followed on. I can't say that I have seen anything very bad about horse racing, and you come with me to my hotel and have a talk with me. We want another man in the cloth business and I guess you will take the job. I saw you shaking hands with a girl over there, and in a year or two, if you want to, I think you can get your mother's and my consent to get married."

James returned home with his father, and he returned to see the girl every Sunday by train.

Then, James brought home his bride and said it was the best race he had ever won.

* * *

The Ten Travelers.

Ten weary footsore travelers
All in a woeful plight,
Sought shelter at a wayside inn
One dark and stormy night.

Nine rooms, no more, the landlord said,
Have I to offer you;
To each of eight a single bed,
But the ninth must serve for two.

A din arose, the troubled host
Could only scratch his head,
For of those tired men no two
Would occupy one bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease—
He was a clever man—
And so to please his guests devised
This most ingenious plan:

In room marked "A" two men were placed,
The third was lodged in "B,"
The fourth to "C" was then assigned
The fifth retired to "D."

In "E" the sixth he tucked away
In "F" the seventh man,
The eighth and ninth in "G" and "H"
And then to "A" he ran

Wherein the host, as I have said,
Had laid two travelers by,
Then taking one, the tenth and last,
He lodged him safe in "I."

Nine single rooms, a room for each,
Were made to serve for ten,
And this it is that puzzles me
And many wiser men

* * *

What He Was Waiting For.

"I GOT the coal man on the telephone at last," said a suburbanite, "and asked him if he could send me five tons He laughed, and said he could send me a thousand just as well as five. He said he only had a half bushel in his yard, and then he made such a long pause that I asked him what he was waiting for, and in reply he said

"'Mr. Peters, how many children have you got?'

'Four,' I answered

"'How many are sick in bed?'

"'None'

"'Well, I was waiting for you to say that you had eight children and all were sick abed, and then I was going to send you up that half bushel of coal, but being you only have four children, you will have to get along the best you can.'"

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Burning Love Letters.

BY H. IRVING KING.

"DON'T burn your love letters or your lover won't marry you," is a superstition which is often heard of and which may be responsible for the mass of cloying correspondence which is so often produced in breach of promise suits. The superstition, however, is based on no farsightedness for the time when "his love grows cold," and is not designed to strengthen the bonds of love thru legal proceedings. It is based on quite another idea—the idea of contagious magic, a primitive theory which plays an important role in the world of folk-lore.

By contact the love letter imbibes a certain amount of the "ego" of the writer, and by contact imparts the same to the recipient of the missive. A connecting current, as it were, is set up between the lovers. In more senses than one the love letter is a "live wire."

Besides this contagious magic there is in a letter what is known in mystic lore as "the mana of names"—that is, a certain magic power which is supposed to reside in a name, written or spoken. Among many primitive peoples today persons are known by a nickname, their real names being kept secret lest some enemy should get possession of them and work them harm thru that medium. And among savages there is no closer binding force between two people than an exchange of names. By this exchange the parties exchange identities.

In a love letter the name of the writer is likely to appear, and so having this written name—written by himself—the recipient is able to hold thru it a binding force over the writer. Now if you destroy all this you naturally weaken or destroy the magic forces which bind you to your lover—and you lose him.

* * *

Foolish Question.

"Does it make you sick, James, to ride sitting down in the street car?"

"I've never sat down in a street car."

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Scientist Produces an Invigorator Superior to Gland Treatments—Wonderful Power of a Bark From Africa.

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The principal ingredient is an extract from the bark of an African tree. It is said to be a most remarkable invigorator. Combined with it are other efficient tonic and vitalizing elements of proved merit. In many cases the compound produces marked improvement in 24 hours. In a short time the vitality is usually raised, the circulation improved and the glow of health is felt in every part.

The laboratories producing this new vitalizer, which is called Re-Bild-Tabs, are so confident of its power that they offer new customers a large $2 supply for only $1 and guarantee to refund the money if the remedy fails to give results in one week.

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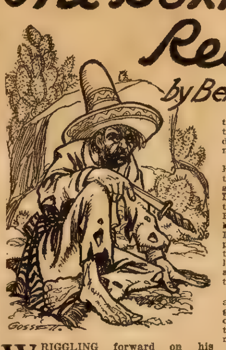
The Box With The Red Label

by Bellwood C. Hawkins



WRIGGLING forward on his stomach thru the prickly pear thicket, his beady snakelike eyes gleaming evilly in the starlight, Pedro Sanchez, greaser and desert-rat, glided noiselessly up to the edge of the waterhole.

Beyond the still, black pool a campfire glowed, while over it squatted the old German prospector. And inside the little tent, full in the glare of the fire, was that fascinating black box with the flaring red label.

It was to gain possession of the box that Pedro had come to the waterhole. That it contained treasure he never for a moment doubted. From the summit of the ridge that overlooked Lizard Gulch at the base of the distant Spy Glass Range, he had watched the old prospector as he toiled with pick and shovel in the canyon's bed. Ever with him, as he worked, had gone that little box. At night, securely tied in a barley sack, it hung suspended from the ridgepole of his tent, while its owner slept across the opening.

The desert-rat would have had the box long ago if his puny courage had not failed him each time at the crucial moment. Sneak thievery in all its branches was an open book to him, but so far, in his checkered career, he had managed to steer clear of murder. And murder he would have to commit before he could hope to secure the treasure box, for the old prospector slept with his hand on his gun and one eye open.

His supper finished, according to his invariable custom, the greaser's quarry placed the coveted box in the barley sack, suspended it by a light rope from the ridgepole, wrapped himself in a blanket and lay down across the tent opening. Soon the sounds of his heavy breathing reached the watcher in the pear thicket.

It was now or never! With trembling fingers Pedro pulled a half filled flask of brandy from his hip pocket and drained it at a draught. As the liquid fire of the stimulant coursed through his veins, the desert-rat's courage revived until he was able to work himself up to the state of frenzy required to accomplish his dread design.

His yellow fangs showed in an animal snarl as he drew an ugly looking knife from his belt and crept up on his unsuspecting man. A sudden vicious plunge, a choking gasp from the sleeper, a brief, half-hearted struggle and the old German lay still.

A few minutes later, Pedro had carried the box, still enclosed in the sack, to the spot where he had left his little buckskin pony in the shelter of the pear thicket. Tying the sack to his saddle horn, he mounted the pony and set out at a brisk gallop across the desert, star guided, in the direction of the Little Mojave waterhole. He hoped to reach there before morning, water his pony, refill his canteen and hide for a day in a nearby wash-out. The following night he would be able to reach the Panivah waterhole, or with good luck, the town of Panivah, itself. Once there, among the hundred of Mexican railroad laborers, he would be safe.

AS THE effect of the liquor wore off and the deadly reaction set in, the murderer began to develop a set of nerves. Every mesquite bush and cactus stump became endowed with life to rise up and point an accusing finger. He tried to whistle to regain his composure, but thru his fright-stiffened, leatherly lips, no sound would come. Even the little buckskin seemed to realize that something was wrong with his master, for he tossed his head impatiently from side to side and shied nervously as little desert creatures, aroused from their midnight lethargy, scuttled across his path.

One thing alone served to soothe him. He had the box with the red label! Of that at least he was sure, for it lay snugly tied to his saddle horn. At the Little Mojave waterhole he would take time to examine its contents. . . . How much gold would it contain? It had been heavy for so small a package. It might hold, perhaps, as much as ten pounds! Two thousand dollars! More than he could earn in two years of blood-letting toil on the railroad. Enough for a dozen grub-stakes. Ah, it was worth the risk after all!

Tho the night was cold, a tormenting alcoholic thirst began to trouble the greaser. Several times he drank deeply of his canteen, but the relief was only temporary. Long before daylight his meager supply of water was exhausted.

His interest in the contents of the mysterious box diminished as his thirst increased. By the time he reached the dry wash-out to the Little Mojave waterhole, he had but one idea—to reach that waterhole and drink.

The first glow of coming dawn was just visible on the horizon as he reached a little patch of mesquite and cactus that represented the last shelter before reaching the waterhole. Dropping the reins over his pony's head, he walked softly forward alone, crouching close to the ground.

As he came suddenly around a bend in the wash-out, a savage, half-stifled oath escaped him, for there, a pistol-shot ahead, dimly limned against the gray sky-line, were two horsemen, tense, alert, like sentinels posted to watch for someone—for him, perhaps!

Even his consuming thirst was not sufficient to prod him forward in the face of this unexpected peril. No doubt the murder had already been discovered and these men were on his track! He stumbled back to the thin shelter of the mesquite and cacti, tied his pony firmly to a projecting root, stretched out full length on the sand and lapsed into a sort of stupor.

The desert sun came up and shed its pitiless, scorching rays on the recumbent man; a hot wind filled his mouth, eyes and ears with acrid, choking alkali dust, while innumerable buzzing, stinging flies added to his torment.

At regular intervals thru the day, he would arouse himself and creep painfully down toward the waterhole, but those two men seemed to have established a permanent camp, for their tent was pitched in the shade of a friendly cottonwood, while their horses were tethered to a limb of a nearby willow tree. Sadly tho he needed it, Pedro dared not go after water, so after each disappointment he would return doggedly to his retreat. Not once in that whole miserable day did he bestow more than a passing thought on the box with the red label.

IT WAS near sundown when the two strange men packed up and left the waterhole. With stolid patience, Sanchez watched them until they had passed out of sight in the vibrating heat waves. He had just enough strength left to crawl down the bank to the life-restoring liquid. When several deep draughts of the terpid, stagnant water, had restored both strength and reason, Pedro once more thought of the box to procure which he had stained his hands with human blood.

He must have a look at that box! With eager steps he returned to his recent hiding place. He did not even stop to water his patient, long-suffering pony, but tore wildly at the enveloping sack, removed the box and set it on the sand. The red label flaunted in his very face, but Pedro could not read. This worried him not at all, for it was not information, but the contents of the box that he was after

It proved to be unlocked. A simple catch secured the top and a moment sufficed to throw it back. But underneath was a second cover of fine-woven wire netting with a narrow opening in the center, like the lid of a fish basket. Into this opening the greaser thrust his arm almost to the elbow. Then, suddenly, the look of satisfaction on his sinister face changed to one of intense horror. A loud yell of mortal agony broke from his lips and he recoiled from the box as from a thing accursed.

There is a well established legend among the human denizens of the desert that when a Gila Monster bites its victim its jaws will remain clamped to the flesh after life is extinct. When Jum Medford, a prospector from Panivah, stumbled onto Pedro's dead body, he found a case in point, for to the greaser's left hand there still clung the severed head of one of those hideous reptiles, which the desert-rat had cut from the body in a last desperate attempt to free himself. Medford shook his head gravely as he perused the red label on the fatal box:

"Poisonous Reptiles for Floto's Circus. Handle with care!"

* * *

Singing at Table.

BY H. IRVING KING.

TO SING at table is a sign you will be disappointed or that you will have bad luck. This superstition is rather common in the rural districts, and is evidently a survival from the ancient conception of a charm as words of power cast in a metrical form to be sung or chanted. This idea has already been noticed in considering the superstition with regard to involuntary rhymes.

The majority of these ancient magic songs, perhaps, were like the paeans which celebrated the healing power of Apollo or the healing song chanted by his relatives over the wounded Odysseus. The Runes of the old Scandinavians are good examples of the versified chanted charm—and they were not always beneficent charms by any means. Among the northern races at least witches and warlocks "dropped into poetry" when they wove their hellish spells and cast their baleful charms. Witness the witches scene in Macbeth.

Early man, in short, appears to have conceived the magic power of words as being greatly increased, either for good or evil, when the words were sung in a versified form. There was something mystic about a song—it was not to be lightly dealth with. Now a person who begins to sing at table may, for all you know, be casting a spell upon the food or on the eaters there of.

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

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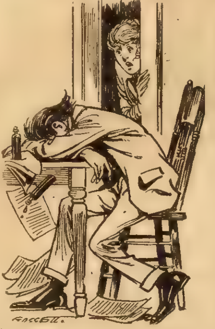
GENIUS PULLS A FLUKE

By HANSELL CRENSHAW



CHRISTOPHER HARE stood beside the table in his shabby little room and gazed abstractedly at two small vials which he held, one in each hand. On one side of the room was a battered old piano. Both table and piano were littered with manuscript music in varying stages of composition or revision Hare was tall, spare ond prematurely gray, shabbily dressed, but with the face of an artist—a face seamed with care and disappointment yet potential of genuine creative genius.

A light knock came at the door. Hare furtively slipped the vials into his coat pocket, then went to the door and opened it. A motherly sort of woman entered and advanced a few steps.

"I hate to trouble you, Mrs. Hare," she said, "but the agent is pressing me, and—your room rent is three months overdue. I have a chance to rent this room tomorrow for cash in advance if——"

Hare placed a rickety chair for her and took another himself.

"Sit down a moment, Mrs. Malone," he said, taking a letter from his pocket and handing it to her. "I shall leave you this afternoon and here is a letter to my wife and boy which I want you to mail. Mrs. Malone, I—I haven't even money to buy a stamp!"

"Where are you going?" the woman asked gravely

Hare did not answer for a space and when he spoke it was with infinite weariness

"To some strange place," he said. "I came to New York six months ago, thinking that I would get my opera, "Mariamne," produced. One by one, all the managers have refused it except Sterne, and he wouldn't even see me. Then, as you know, I wrote a comic thing; but it was worthless I'm not fitted to write trivial stuff. Three weeks ago I sent my "Mariamne" to Sterne thru the mail. He hasn't so much as acknowledged it. No doubt the score is lost or destroyed—the score I toiled and starved and dreamed to write! But now I'm done—beaten. He buried his face in his hands

"Don't be discouraged," said Mrs. Malone, after a pause. "Apply for work in a theater, restaurant, movie. You can live that way till someone comes along capable of appreciating your operas"

"You don't understand," said Christopher Hare, looking up. "I can't read music readily enough to hold a job in New York. Then, too, I don't belong to the union." He sighed wearily.

"Then teach," counseled the woman

"Who would study under so shabby a master in so shabby a place?" he protested. "Besides, I don't play at all well I'm no more pianist than Wagner was I am a creative artist. No: I advertised for pupils, but none came."

Mrs Malone rose

"Try a little longer," she advised him "I'll not turn you out. You may yet get a hearing. Who can tell?"

"You are a good woman," said the composer, rising, "and I thank you now for all your goodness to me. I can't even pay what money I owe you, much less what gratitude. But this pitiful thing I can do." He handed her a folded paper. "I assign all rights to my manuscripts to you. They are probably not commercially worth the paper they're written on. But if they are worth anything, it will be a great deal."

"No," said Mrs. Malone, laying the paper on the table. "I can't take your manuscripts this way for a mess of pottage. Take them along with you, if you must go. You can send me my money any time."

"Good-by," said Christopher, taking her hand.

"Good-by," said she, "and better luck'"

Mrs. Malone went out and closed the door. Hare sat down at the table and produced the two vials. He put them on the table and spoke addressing them.

"Deadly nightshade!" he said, taking up one of the bottles, "you are what I need—enough to kill ten failures."

He put the vial to his lips and drained it. Then he picked up the other bottle.

"And you, juice of the poppy!" he continued, "I need you, too."

He swallowed the contents of this vial, also, and sat staring before him for some seconds.

"Well, I've done it!" he said at length, and fell face down across the table.

A brisk knock came at the door. Christopher made no response and the knock was repeated. Then the door was thrown open and Mrs. Malone burst into the room, holding a letter in her hand. She stopped abruptly when she saw Christopher. Then she ran to him and shook him by the shoulder.

"Mr. Hare—Mr. Hare!" she cried. "Look! A letter from Sterne."

"A letter?" said Christopher, rousing himself

"Yes—maybe an acceptance," she answered.

"What does he say?" said Christopher, taking the letter and listlessly opening it.

He looked at the letter a moment then suddenly rose unsteadily to his feet.

"What's this!" he exclaimed, reading from the letter: "Your 'Mariamne' a masterpiece—a second Madame Butterfly—inclosed find check on advance royalties in the sum of one thousand——"

He dropped the letter and slowly lowered himself into a chair

"What have you done?" Mrs. Malone demanded.

"What a fate'" cried Christopher, ignoring her. "Here I am with success and happiness within my very grasp, but doomed to die"

He raised a shaking hand and pointed to the empty vials on the table

"Maybe something can be done!" said the woman quickly. Then she hurried from the room and down the stairs.

"'A masterpiece—a second Butterfly!'" Christopher quoted, "yet I shall not live to hear it. Oh, God'"

He sat staring at the letter and check. Presently the door opened and Mrs. Malone entered followed by Dr. Darwin Bernard. Bernard was an intelligent but hard-faced man of 50. A poorly paid experience in medicine had made him a misanthrope. He put his hat and medicine bag on the table and picked up the vials, reading the labels.

"Laudanum and tincture of belladonna! Enough to kill a dozen fool musicians."

He raised Christopher's upper eyelid with a finger, then felt his pulse.

"Is there anything to be done?" the musician asked.

"No," said the doctor, picking up his hat and grip.

"You're not going to stand by and let the man die without——"

"There's nothing to be done," said Bernard brusquely.

"Is there no antidote? Must he die?"

"He ought to die," said the physician, putting on his hat and going to the door "I live below him here, and God knows that any man who makes the noises he does on that old rattle-trap piano night and day does not deserve to live——"

"Monster—beast!" cried the woman.

"But," continued Bernard, ignoring her, "by some diabolic trick of fortune the d—d fool has taken two poisons that are the exact antidotes, the exact antagonists of each other. The bella-donna counteracts the opium and the opium counteracts the bella-donna!"

"You mean—you mean——" Christopher gasped, appalled

"I mean that except for a fit or two of vomiting, you will not suffer, but will continue to live and make life a continual hell for all those who must exist within earshot of your damnable efforts at out-DeBussying DeBussy!"

With this the physician left the room, banging the door behind him. Meantime Christopher Hare stood up and clasped Mrs. Malone's hand, swayed by feelings too strong for speech.

* * *

On Fixed Post.

THE officer was standing on fixed post, a block north of the Brooklyn bridge, when an excited woman ran up to him and said:

"Come with me at once and save bloodshed."

"I can't do it, ma'am. You see, I am on fixed post here and I can't leave it. What is the matter, anyhow?"

"The matter is," she replied, "that my husband and another man are going to have an awful fight and I want you to stop it."

"Well, you will have to get somebody else. If I leave my post, I will be fined for it."

Just then a man on the other side of the street was seen running for his life and, as the woman caught sight of him, she said

"Well, you need not come with me. That man running is my husband and he is running away from the fight. He will probably keep right on running until he gets to Boston, and it will be three or four weeks before I see him again. You just stay right where you are and let him run. It seems like a good thing that you are fixed and I am also fixed."

* * *

Shunned by Other Birds.

THE cow-bird, a small semi-terrestrial bird which ranges over temperate and tropical America, imposes the duties of rearing its young upon other, usually smaller birds. The English sparrow associates with him, but no self-respecting American bird will be found in his company.

The cow-bird goes about at all seasons of the year in flocks of varying size, frequenting pastures and open woodland, being often seen about cattle, stirred up by the herd

When the female feels called upon to deposit an egg, she finds the nest of some other bird from which the owners are absent. The cow-bird's eggs being usually larger than those of the owners of the nest, receives more heat from the body of the incubating bird, and hatches before the other, and the youngster takes up so much nourishment, that it not infrequently happens that the other young ones are crowded out or starved to death.

* * *

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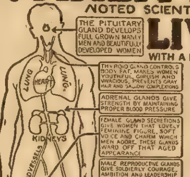

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25 People Taking the Blade and Ledger Would Give You $1.00 a Week Profit.

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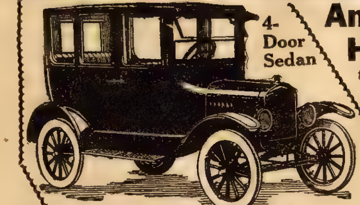
When you send your first report and if you are accepted by the Lone Scouts of America, the great boys' Organization that is without dues, we will pay for you the cost of sending you the Badge, Certificate of Membership and Booklet of Instructions. Just send me a postcard and say, "I will sell your papers," and sign your name and address carefully.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Dept. 15, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

BIG SHIPMENT OF FORD CARS FREE!



4-Door Sedan

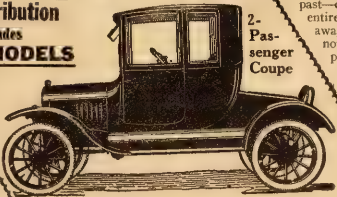
Anyone Can Now Own and Drive His Own Car

All your life you have wanted to have a car of your own. You have wanted to feel the thrill of driving behind a throbbing motor. You have longed to be independent of trains, cars, and kind neighbors. A real opportunity such as this has never before presented itself to you. The dream of your life can now come true—YOU CAN OWN A CAR.

Greatest Advertising Campaign Ever Offered by a Publisher

Never before in the history of publications has a weekly paper made such an amazingly liberal offer. Cars have been given away in the past—one, two, and sometimes even three and four, but never in the entire history of advertising campaigns has a publishing house given away, absolutely free, an entire shipment of automobiles. It does not matter whether you are driving a car or not, I am sure this proposition will interest you. Doesn't the idea appeal to you of driving a brand-new shiny car of the very latest design?

Free Distribution
Includes
ALL MODELS

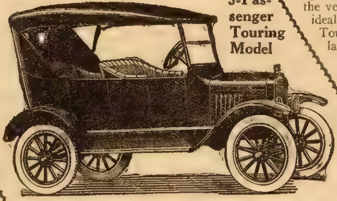


2-Passenger Coupe

All Cars will be Sent Freight and Tax Prepaid

Latest Models Given

This liberal offer of an entire shipment of cars includes all the latest types of pleasure vehicles. The four-door Sedan is the very latest type of motor perfection that the Ford Company has designed. It combines all the features of low up-keep and maintenance of the Ford cars with the easy riding and high-class workmanship of the more expensive makes. The Coupe is the very latest 1923 model. This little car is an ideal machine for both winter and summer. The Touring car and Roadster are also of the very latest type with all the newest features.



5-Passenger Touring Model

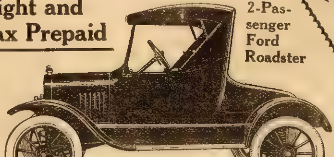
Don't Delay!

Don't delay or hesitate in sending in the coupon because this unusual opportunity will not last forever; it is starting now and closes October 15th. This is an opportunity undisguised and it is up to you to make the most of it. Hurry! HURRY!

Costs You Nothing to Try

This advertising campaign thru which we are giving away all these cars will not cost you a single cent of your own money We are the publishers of the Satu day Blade and Chicago Ledger an all we expect you to do is help us i advertising our papers in your neighborhood. It is very pleasant, dignifie work and will only require your spar time after your regular work is done—a few minutes each day will do. I am sure that you will never find a more simple way of winning a brand-new auto than by following our easy method.

Freight and Tax Prepaid



2-Passenger Ford Roadster

Open to All—Can't Lose

This campaign which forms a part of our Summer and Fall Advertising Plan is open to every man, woman and child in the United States outside of Chicago. It is an unusual chance to win an automobile for yourself. By very carefully planning out this campaign we have been able to assure every one that helps us in making it successful of winning. In addition to giving away all these machines we are also giving many dollars in cash—it is a sure thing you cannot lose.

Mail In This Coupon at Once

Guarantee to You

The W. D. Boyce Co., which has been publishing it's papers for the past forty years, stands back of this unusual opportunity and assures all that enter of fair and square treatment. The cars are absolutely as represented.

To all those that are prompt in sending in the coupon on the right, an additional 5,000 free votes will be given. These Extra votes will give a good start toward winning one of these cars. ACT QUICKLY AND GET THIS BIG STARTING OFFER.

Manager Free Ford Distribution
W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 North Dearborn Street Chicago, Illinois

RUSH THIS COUPON—NO OBLIGATION

Manager Free Ford Distribution,
W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: Please rush me quick without any obligation whatever to me, your wonderful new Free Ford Distribution Plan, and credit me with a grand start of 5,000 Free Votes.

Name.. Local Address..............................

Town.. State........................

Peg-Leg

(Concluded From Page 4)

in a reconciliation so sincere that Frank and Margaret almost quarreled all over again in their desire each to assume all blame for the original disagreement. And they both kissed Nell and made a great fuss over her, which was as near as two very dignified and grown-up young people could come to kissing each other in a public park and in broad daylight. And then all three went to the Gordon home for dinner, ignoring the fact that Aunt Essie would have dinner prepared for Frank and Nell. If Nell hadn't reminded them, they probably would not even have remembered to telephone.

Old Sam Gordon growled his congratulations and praised the Lord that Frank wasn't in his organization any more, because he wasn't going to be worth his salt as an engineer for the next two or three years, as it would take him that long to get over this new streak of nonsense. But even Nell could tell that the old man was really much pleased and was anxious to get Frank back into business with him. So, all in all, dinner was a very merry affair, tho Nell would have been rather lonesome if Mr. Gordon hadn't paid a good deal of attention to her.

AFTER dinner, Mr. Gordon went into his study, and the lovers to the big living-room, while Nell visited the housekeeper awhile and then went to sleep on the bench in the reception hall where it was cool and dark.

So completely did Frank and Margaret forget her that they even neglected to turn on the light in the hall when they said good-by, which took them much longer than was really necessary. And then Frank went home and Margaret went upstairs to bed completely oblivious of the little girl asleep on the big bench.

It was 3 o'clock when Nell woke. She did not know how long she had been asleep, but she could sense that it was very late, and the house was very quiet and dark. Quietly she slipped off the bench and, with a hand held out before her, felt her way into the living-room. Very softly she called, "Uncle Frank," but there was no answer. Uncle Frank had forgotten her.

Nell felt her way back thru the dark room and thru the hall to the big front door. The chain made a little noise as she slipped it loose, and it seemed to Nell as tho the whole household must surely have heard it. She listened for a moment but heard nothing. Then, as cautiously as possible, she turned the knob and slipped outdoors and across the porch. She was crying a bit and was totally unmindful of the lack of her coat and her Tam O'Shanter until she reached the street. Then the chill air of early morning reminded her, but it was too late. She realized that the latch had clicked behind her when she had closed the door.

She stood hesitant for a minute on the street corner and then started to walk rapidly south towards the business district, away from the new home that had meant so much to her. Twice she dodged into alleys and waited until a policeman should get by, for she realized that she would be stopped and questioned. She crossed the river, turned west and passed unnoticed thru the deserted streets of the wholesale district. Newspaper wagons and trucks were racing by with their loads of Sunday editions, and the sight stimulated her to greater speed. She wished she had her little bag with the purse in it. There was a two-dollar bill in it that would have served as capital for a new start at the old life. The fact that she was the owner of many times that much money never occurred to her.

She was on the south side at last, and in familiar territory. There was Charlie the Greek's lunch wagon. She crossed the street and hailed him.

"Hello, Charlie."

"Hello, keed. W'ere you bean? Thought you wuz dead."

"Been livin' up north with some swells. They got tired of me and I left. Say, Charlie; stake me to some chow and a dollar. I gotta get me some papers from the wagon."

"You goin' back to your old man to leeve?"

"Nothin' doin'. I'm on my own. I'll pay you tonight."

"All right, keed. If you don't, I breaka you the neck," but Charlie laughed as he said it. He knew Nell of old, and that she always paid.

Warmed with the coffee and the dubious hamburger sandwich, Nell was soon on the old corner, tired, muddy and aching from her long walk, but already getting rid of her first batch of papers. It was there that Aunt Essie and the thoroly repentant lovers found her at 9 o'clock that morning.

"Sure, I understand," said Nell. "You got each other now, and you don't need me any more. It's all right, and I ain't sore at you. I'll get along, all right."

She was adamant in her determination to look out for herself until Aunt Essie put her arms about her. "Nellie, I'm losing my big boy. I can't give up my little girl, too. Aunt Essie didn't forget you. She was asleep when her foolish Frank came in. You're not going to make your Aunt Essie live all alone, are you?" And so Nell forgave her first and then the others, too, for good measure, and went home with them for a second breakfast.

"But you can just remember one thing," she said with deep conviction to the spinster, "if you go and fall in love, I'm off you for life."

THE END.

* * *

Romance in Mission Bells

By Alice Harriman

MANY of the bells brought to the California missions originally from Spain, Mexico and South America, in the years between 1769 to 1830, and from other and more unexpected parts of the world, still call to matins and vespers along the whole winding way of the Padres' Path—call to mass and to mourn; to marry and to rejoice.

Probably none is more widely known than those of old San Gabriel, near Los Angeles. Altho there have been many others hanging there since the first two (one medium and one small) were hung in 1774—altho tradition has it that bells rich in silver once responded to the ringer's rope—those still hanging from worm-eaten beams by sun dried rawhide, are distinctly rich in historic and romantic interest.

As one sits behind the crude openings left in the adobe wall, to accommodate the different sized bells, one can almost hear the shouts of that intrepid land explorer from Tubac, Mexico, Juan Bautista de Anza, and his party, as on January 4, 1776, they, the first overland colony for California, sighted San Gabriel mission. No wonder they shouted! The mission bells were ringing a clamorous welcome.

Came sadder scenes to my inner vision. An Indian attack. Bells jangled; muskets snarled; hoarse shouts answered oncoming cries. And one smart young captain, from the City of Mexico, went down with the wailing, broken bells. Never would they ring again. Never would he claim his bride, his waiting fiancee, the beautiful Delfina de Capalleja.

Tradition has it that when she heard the pitiful news she ordered a bell cast for the repose of his soul. It should be sent to the far away mission to replace those that had fallen where did her lover. It was a large and costly bell, for she was as rich as beautiful; but, somehow, it was lost en route.

Gertrude Atherton used the tradition to make a colorful tale. In it she gives a most vivid picture of the casting—gold, silver, jewels, rings, bracelets were thrown in by the fashionable and religious assemblage gathered to see the event. Flaming, seething, leaping bell-metal took on richer hues of topaz, emerald, chrysophaze, as the additions fell into the huge caldron. But where was Delfina? Presently she came, walking slowly, eyes fixed as on one unseen—ah, it was a sad day; yet it had its compensations, for as she took off her long and sparkling chain and threw it as a last votive offering, she saw that the additions had made metal enough for more than one bell. In fact, there were five cast that day, consecrated to the glory of God in foreign lands.

Each of the four San Gabriel bells has distinct individuality. Here is S. Juan Nepomuseno. He, in turn, nodded his crown-head toward his brother, smaller, but with the more imposing name of San Francisco de Paula. Juan has a cross of stars. Francisco a less conventional one of links similar to an ox chain. Francisco also has a three-eyed and ugly top for the ropes; but to compensate for this he has, beside his name, an added inscription, Ave Maria Santissima.

Each of these bells was cast in 1795, by one Ruelas. But where, no one knows. I fretted all up and down the coast as I searched for and wrote of other mission bells, as I saw his name on many of them. Of course, Ruelas didn't realize that the products of his foundry would be part of California's historical assessments.

As I examined it the smallest bell held its head exceedingly straight, as tho to keep on its crown. At first sight I was disappointed. An insignificant band of embroidery ran around it near the crown. Then as tho he had presented his calling card the bell revealed a name: G. H Holbrook, Medway, Mass.

Suddenly I remembered. In my study of world bells I had noted that Paul Revere, bell founder after his famous ride and the early days of the Revolution, had taken on an apprentice. His name was George H. Holbrook! Aha! So George had finally set up for himself in the old home town of Medway, had he? He had received on order for bells from some New England sea captain whose hide drogher had put into San Pedro harbor in faraway, almost mythical, California.

At the old Plaza church only one of the four bells was Spanish made, and I am positive that it is the borrowed bell, for its date is (probably—it is indistinct) 1756.

This bell resembles many of the oldest bells I have found; and it seems unlikely that the comparatively recent assistenia should have had so old a bell—a bell which, more than likely, was brought from Baja, Cal., by Fray Serra himself when he requisitioned seven from the Jesuit missions of the lower coast. The others were dated 1828; but their story is quite another than this.

Impatiently I questioned: "Where cast?" "Quien sabe," whispered the bell, tantalizingly. "By whom?" "Quien sabe?" in turn questioned the bronze.

* * *

Something to Make Thinkers Think

Double Acrostic.

67—All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals, reading downward, will spell a great battle and the finals, reading upward, will spell the name of a great general.

Cross-words. 1. To gain. 2. Commotion. 3. Part of the foot. 4. A fish. 5. Part of the name of a South American city. 6. To fold over. 7. A Russian river near Nishni Novgorod. 8. To possess.

Riddle.

68—Take 100; add a vowel; add 1,000; add a vowel; add 100. What word have you?

Three-word Squares.

1

69—1. A sharp and useful article.
2. Frozen water.
3. Not old.

2.

1. A bench in church.
2. An organ of the body.
3. Crooked.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

64—Divided Flowers.

1. Dog-wood. 2. Adder's tongue. 3. Butter-cup. 4. Marry-gold. 5. Pans-y. 6. Prim-rose. 7. Pop-pies. 8. Sun-flower.

65—Foreign Cities Buried.

1. Berne. 2. Basle. 3. Bergen. 4. Quito. 5. Herat. 6. Mandalay. 7. Venice. 8. Bermen. 9. Naples.

66—Four-word Square.

L A N E
A R I D
N I N E
E D E N

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

TO RELIEVE PAIN AND BACKACHE

Women May Depend upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I had heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that when I realized I needed to take something to relieve my pains and backache, and to help build me up I began to take that. I had been sick off and on for years and barely weighed a hundred pounds, but now I have had such good results that I am recommending the Vegetable Compound to every one."—Mrs. J. J. BIEBER, 3939 18th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn.

Finds a True Friend

"Every woman who values her health should be proud to have a true friend like the Vegetable Compound," says Mrs. W. E. Shaw, 3227 Walnut Street, Chicago, Illinois. "I had female weakness so badly that I could not stand on my feet. Half of my time was spent in bed and I had pains in my back which were unbearable. I tried everything I could think of to help myself, and when a friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began taking it at once. I recommend it without hesitation."

7 JEWEL WATCH AND BRACELET $6.65

SEND NO MONEY

Sensational Watch Offer

This beautiful high grade ladies' small size, 20 year guaranteed, seven jewel octagon watch and bracelet ($15 value) now only $6.65. Can be worn either with link or ribbon bracelet. Stem wind and set—beautiful case, attractive gold dial, splendid movement, accurate timekeeper. Sent in velvet and silk lined gift case. Splendid value.

EXCELLENT GIFT SEND NO MONEY Write Us Now!

Just send name and address. Pay postman on delivery $6.65 — our low advertising price. Satisfaction guaranteed. WRITE TODAY.

Gold Seal Watch Company
Roosevelt & Peoria, Dept. 105, Chicago

Varicose Veins & Leg Sores

Now treated successfully by VISCOSE METHOD. Dr. Clason's Viscose Method for the care and treatment of Varicose Veins and for healing Open Leg Sores is highly successful in Europe. The complete Method is brought to America for the first time. You can use it as effectively at home as if you were in a Sanatorium, attended by Nurses. Viscose Method doesn't depend upon salves, oils or ointments. Viscose is **painted on the leg with a brush.** When dry resembles rubber, is porous and flexible and forms an almost natural covering under which sores heal as if the leg were in bed. Pains, cramps, aches and swellings caused from enlarged veins are relieved almost from the first application. It painlessly compresses enlarged veins. 500 Books of 24 pages are offered free and postpaid to sufferers of Varicose Veins and Leg Sores. **Tells how to get well and still work and walk.** Act now. Cut this out. This offer doesn't appear again.

Viscose Band Co., 802 S. Lake St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Lovely Doll FREE! WALKS CRIES SLEEPS

Almost like a real live baby, is this beautiful wonder doll. She melts the heart of everyone who sees her. Her sparkling blue eyes have won her the name Betty Blue Eyes. They are movable, independent of each other, enabling her to wink with either one eye or both and **go to sleep.** Then the **walking feature** is something that pleases every little girl. Betty Blue Eyes will step right along when led by the hand. But greatest of all, she **cries right out loud** when tilted forward. This unusual feature brings astonishment and admiration from everyone.

She's All Ready to Come

There is no other doll like Betty Blue Eyes. She comes complete with brown curly hair, pretty dress, slippers, and knitted cap.

Packed in strong box to insure safe delivery. Shipments by parcel post **prepaid.** Simply send your name and address for 10 beautiful art pictures to distribute among your friends and neighbors on our unusual plan. A few minutes' pleasant work and this lovely doll is YOURS free. **Don't send us a penny—just your name and address—but do it AT ONCE while these wonder dolls last.**

Department 7X

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
506 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois

Their Alice Blue Gowns

(Concluded From Page 7.)

May stepped from her room, a vision of haughty calm. She was wearing her old coat-suit, neatly brushed and immaculate. She carried her head high, and there were bright red spots on her cheeks.

"Will you kindly allow me to pass," she said, icily, to Johnnie, tho it was not he, but a generous expanse of Alice-blue satin that blocked her way to the stairs.

Just then Minnie, the waitress, coming home from mass and climbing the back stairs, heard the rumpus and peered in the front corridor to see what caused it.

One of the lady "guests" caught instant glimpse of her.

"Look!" she shrieked. "She—even she's got one!"

("Glory be!" said Minnie, "if the ladies didn't all go an' copy me blue silk gown.")

"Oh, you viper," screamed the buxom lady who was blocking the corridor, "you viper!"

"Ladies, ladies," pleaded Johnnie, "I didn't mean, truly I never thought——"

"Oh, you viper," screamed the stout lady again, and then a most extraordinary thing happened. Phillipa May, who a moment ago was the angriest woman in the hall, suddenly came to Johnnie's defense.

"For goodness sake, keep quiet, do!" she said scornfully. "We'll have the police in here, to break up this family gathering, if you don't keep quiet! Johnnie's not a viper. He isn't vicious; he's just foolish."

"But to think," wailed one of the Alice-blue clad ladies, "every one of us—all with the same kind of dresses."

"Well," said Phillipa sharply, "don't cry about it! Laugh! Every other time one of us had something new the rest all worried themselves sick to pry out just the quality and price and everything about it. This time none of us need worry a bit, because each of us knows just how much the others paid for their gowns, and all about them."

"But he never said a word," sobbed another Alice-blue one. "If he had only told us——"

"You asked me not to," Johnnie defended himself. "Every one of you told me not to tell any of the others——"

"Don't try to argue with a bunch of women, Johnnie," advised one of the husbands in the crowd. "Thank your stars that you've got a girl with a sense of humor, and beat it!"

FIVE minutes later, on their way to cathedral, Phillipa looked up into Johnnie's face and laughed.

"Johnnie," she said, "you need somebody to take care of you."

"I know it," said Johnnie, meekly.

They walked on in silence for a minute or two. Then, a little impatiently Phillipa said, "Well?"

"Well," repeated Johnnie, stupidly.

"Is that all you have to say?" asked Phillipa.

"Why—what do you want me to say?" Johnnie stammered.

Phillipa's laughter had a hint of tears close to it.

"Johnnie," she said desperately, "do you want to make me propose to you?"

"I can't ask you to marry me," said Johnnie, and his voice shook a little. "You know how much I want you, Phillipa, dear—but I can't propose to you as long as I only earn as much a week as you do. Twenty-five dollars isn't enough to marry on."

"Maybe not," Phillipa reasoned, gayly, "but it's plenty! We can have a little home in the suburbs and commute. Won't it be nice?"

After they had come down to earth again, Johnnie observed, "But you didn't wear your Alice-blue gown!"

"No," said Phillipa, demurely, "I looked out and saw the others. I'm going to save mine, to wear, evenings and Sundays after we are in our own little home in the suburbs."

* * *

The Drawbacks of Religion.

A colored woman consulted the village lawyer.

"Ah want to divorce mah husband," she said.

"What's the trouble?" asked the lawyer.

"That nigger's done gone an' got religion and we ain't seen a chicken on de table foh two weeks."

* * *

Some Biblical Truths.

"And do you know your Bible, my child?"

"Oh, yes; I know everything that's in it. Sister's young man's photo is in it, an' ma's recipe for face cream, an' a lock of my hair cut off when I was a baby, and the ticket for pa's watch."

HOW TO HEAL LEG SORES.

A new illustrated book sent free to readers by the successful specialist, Dr. H. J. Whittier, Suite 108, 421 East 11th St., Kansas City, Mo., tells how to be rid of Leg Sores and Varicose Ulcers without pain or knife by using his unique discovery, result of 32 years specializing. Write for your free copy today.—Adv.

Natural History

According to Professor Annanias Quackenbosh, C. O. D.

The Rabbit.

THE rabbit is a most ferocious animal. It is believed that he devours five hundred people a year.

My grandfather was a deacon in a church. He was going to church one night when he was attacked and killed by a rabbit. They did not find his body for three days, and then it was half eaten up. This is a warning to boys not to grow up to be a deacon in a church.

The Fox.

If the fox was as ferocious as the lion the country would be without any population in a short time. The fox runs to cunning and not of ferocity. He has been known to kill one hundred hens every night and to leave signs that the crime was done by the colored population.

When a fox makes his home in a neighborhood, the farmers must look out for him. When left alone he will kill every fowl for five miles around.

The fox does not climb trees. The ground is good enough for him. While he is not ferocious, the animal does considerable injury. He is often found under the bed, in different houses, and it is reported that he scared an old maid in Kansas to death.

The Coon.

There have been coons in America ever since it was discovered. Christopher Columbus took one back to Spain with him. He is not as ferocious as a fox, but is almost as cunning. He also lives on chickens, and is frequently found hidden in houses. He has never been known to attack a person, but he may break out at any time. It is just as well for a boy who is going out walking to take a shotgun along with him to protect his precious life if need be. If he don't see any coons to shoot at he can shoot at some farmer's calf.

The Possum.

The possum is another animal discovered by Christopher Columbus. He lives on roots and has a hard time of it. If left alone the possum is not dangerous, but if you keep on throwing brickbats at him he may be a peril to you.

One of my grandfathers suddenly disappeared, and they always believed that a possum was to blame for it. He was a good hand to eat peanuts and throw the shucks around, and it is supposed that he threw shucks at a possum until the animal sprung upon him and ended his career.

The Woodchuck.

This animal can be found in every State in the Union and is highly appreciated. He lives on beans almost entirely and eats such a quantity of them that we don't have to eat more than a third of the crop. The woodchuck is also death on rats. If he is allowed to live in a farmer's barn he will go to work and pay his rent by killing rats. A red-headed boy told me that he had read in a newspaper that a woodchuck killed five hundred rats for a farmer in Tennessee, and that the chuck was only three hours about it. You can believe what a red-headed boy tells you or you cannot. They are a very suspicious lot, and it is as well that most of them die early.

The Owl.

The owl is a bird considerably larger than a canary, but he does not sing as sweet. He is seen mostly at night and eats all the other birds that he can catch. They used to think he was a ghost when they heard him hoot at night, and a good many folks used to cover up their heads and repeat the Lord's prayer. After a number of years it was found that the owl was harmless, and was treated with the utmost respect.

I had an uncle who had a pet owl which was believed to be one hundred years old. I bragged a good deal about this uncle and this owl, but it has never done me any particular good.

The Eagle.

The eagle is a proud bird and keeps carrying children off to his nest. If an eagle is soaring in the blue sky overhead, and a baby is crawling in the dirt by the door, the eagle will have that baby in less than five minutes. When once the child is two hundred feet high in the air there is no hope of rescue, and the young eagles live on baby meat for three days. My father once told me that he had seen more than twenty children carried off, but he was such a liar that I could never credit him.

The Shark.

Sharks grow to be two hundred feet long and there is no doubt but what they can swallow at least seven men. A shark is always hungry, and if he lived on land he would be swallowing a brick house every few minutes.

My mother was once seized by a shark when she was at the seaside, but help was at hand and the ferocious brute was driven away. She was made lame by the bite the shark gave her and society took her up and made much of her. If you want to get into first-class society, get bitten by a shark.

* * *

Giving Him Advice.

"SOME advice," he said, as he sat down in front of a lawyer and handed over a five-dollar bill.

"Yes, sir," said the yawyer, as he pocketed the money.

"I want to begin a lawsuit," began the other. "I want to sue somebody for the way this coal business has been worked."

"Of course you do," said the lawyer. "In the first place, we will sue the strikers. We will get nothing out of them. Then we will sue the promoters. We will get nothing out of them. Then we will sue the railroads and we will come to nothing. Then we will sue the Government. The suit will end like the others."

"How long will it take?" was asked.

"From one hundred to a thousand years," was the answer, "but somebody should be sued."

The caller took another five-dollar bill from his pocket and handed it over and slid out.

* * *

Ode to a Pig.

As near as I remember,
It was late in last December,
  I was strolling down the street in maudlin pride.
With my heart all in a flutter,
I lay down in the gutter,
  And a pig came up and lay down by my side.

While I lay there in the gutter,
With my heart all in a flutter,
  A lady passing by was heard to say:
"You can tell a man that boozes
By the company he chooses."
  And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

First Animal Cruelty Law.

THE first law ever enacted in behalf of domestic animals is generally assigned to the year 1822, when Richard Martin, M. P., secured the passage of his "cattle bill" in Parliament. A much older anti-cruelty mandate, however, may be cited in American history, which, tho carrying no specific penalty for its infraction, not only prohibited cruelty to animals but also enjoined a humane regard for them whenever necessity compelled their removal from place to place. In the Body of Liberties, enacted in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in 1641, under the title of the "Liberties of the Bruite Creature," are two sections as follows:

"Sec. 92. No man shall exercise any Tirrany or Crueltie towards any bruite Creature which are usuallie kept for man's use.

"Sec. 93. If any man shall have occasion to leade or drive Cattel from place to place that is far off, so that they be weary, or hungry, or fall sick, or lambe. It shall be lawful to rest or refresh them, for a competent time, in any open place that is not Corne, meadow, or inclosed for some peculiar Use."

* * *

Knowledge and timber should be seasoned before using.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

AUTOMOBILES

AUTOMOBILE MECHANICS, OWNERS, garagemen, repairmen, send for free copy America's popular motor magazine. Contains helpful instructive information on overhauling, ignition wiring, carburetors, batteries, etc. Automobile Digest, 532 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

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SEVERAL WELL TRAINED HUNTING hounds, male and female, guaranteed to please you at a real bargain; right ages. Write for full description of kind you want. P, O. Box 14, Paris, Tenn.

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"PATENTS AND TRADE-MARKS," 64-page book free; Excellent references, 28 years' experience. Robb, Robb & Hill, 1401 Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio. 940 McLachlen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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PATENTS PROCURED. SEND SKETCH OR model today for examination, prompt report and advice. No charge for preliminary advice. Write for free booklet and blank form on which to disclose your idea. Highest references. Promptness assured. Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Lawyer, 238 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PATENTS should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion on its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUSANDS of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

OIL—$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO land and interest in oil well that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 333 Petroleum Bldg., Houston, Texas.

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MONEY IN COTTON—$10 BUYS GUARANTEE on 20 bales cotton; no further risk. Movement of $10 bale opportunity, take $200, etc. Particulars, market letter free. Investors Guide, Room 499, 63 Wall street, New York.

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FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

FREE—FREE—HANDY NICKEL PLATED bottle opener and our big illustrated catalogue on home bottling supplies and accessories. O. D. Commercial Sales Co., 219 W. Huron St., Chicago.

FOR SALE

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

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POOR MAN'S CHANCE, $5 DOWN, $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $200. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

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6% MONEY. BANKERS RESERVE SYSTEM. 6% loans are made on city or farm property to buy, build, improve, or pay indebtedness. Bankers Reserve Deposit Company, Lathrop Building, Kansas City, Mo.

MISSOURI FARMS

FIVE DOLLARS DOWN, $5 MONTHLY BUYS 40 acres good fruit and poultry land near town, southern Missouri. Price $200. Box C1051, Kansas City, Missouri.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

LANDSEEKERS! ATTENTION! OPPORTUNITY awaits you near thriving city in lower Michigan; 20, 40, 80 acre tracts; only $10 to $50 down; balance long time. Investigate. Write today for free booklet giving full information. Swigart Land Company, X1245 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

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A NEW FOLDER ABOUT THE NEW STATE of New Mexico is now ready. Full information regarding crops raised and land cost in irrigated sections of Pecos and Rio Grande Valleys, also farm lands in the plains country. Close to good markets. Mild climate and long growing season. You can buy at reasonable prices on favorable terms. New Mexico is adapted to all the grain crops and especially the bright peagreen alfalfa, which produces abundantly and tops the market. Truck farming pays well. The fruit raised here is prime quality; it brings excellent prices. Apples, pears, peaches, cantaloupes and small fruits thrive under irrigation. If you want land and a home get this folder and see New Mexico this fall. Write C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 992 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

MEDICAL

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book; symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

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UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

STORIES WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., ARE wanted for publication. Submit MSS or write Literary Bureau, 500, Hannibal, Mo.

WATCHES—JEWELRY

21 JEWEL WATCH $4.99! ALL MAKES about half regular price. Agents wanted. List free. Rex Co., Andover, Ohio.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. PATENTED or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

KODAKS—PHOTOGRAPHS

KODAK FILMS—SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER; your next kodak film developed 5c—prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 1891 St. James Ave., Cincinnati.

CHICKS

REDS 13 CTS., ROCKS 12 CTS., S. C. W. Leghorns 10 cts., and mixed chicks 8 cts. These chicks are all from free range stock. Safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Booklet free. W. A. Lauver, McAlisterville, Pa.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

100,000 NEW 10-in. 75c-$1.00 RECORDS 15c each. List free. A. Beck, Woodbine, Nashville, Tenn.

ROOTS, HERBS AND EVERGREENS

EARN $5 TO $10 DAY GATHERING EVERGREENS, roots and herbs, in the fields and roadside; book and prices free. Botanical, 89, West Haven, Conn.

OLD COINS WANTED

OLD COINS WANTED. WE PAID $2,500.00 for one silver dollar to Mr. Manning of Albany, N. Y. We buy all rare coins and pay highest cash premiums. Send 4c for large Coin Circular. It may mean much profit to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

BASEBALL SCORE

BASEBALL FANS! NEW PERPETUAL score pad. 20c stamps or coin. Agents write; big line. Magic Memo Co., 218 S. Clark, Chicago.

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PROPHECY FULFILLING — STARTLING revelations; literature free. Bookman, Box 807, Little Rock, Ark.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

EASY TO SELL GROCERIES, PAINTS, automobile oils, roofing, stock food to consumers from samples. No capital or experience necessary. Steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 50 years in business. Write for full particulars. Loverin & Browne Co., wholesale Grocers, 1759 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

MAKE $300.00 TO $500.00 MONTH DISTRIBUTING Speedoline; permanent work; exclusive territory; automobile free. Write for particulars. Speedoline Co., Dept. 216, Dallas, Texas.

BRINGS MERCHANT $9.00. YOU SELL FOR $4.50; costs $1.55 under your imprint. Repeat business galore. $9.00 sample prepaid $2.00, refunded. Particulars free. Beck, Woodbine, Nashville, Tenn.

AGENTS—EITHER SEX, I HAVE THE easiest, quickest and biggest money getter out; $20.00 daily clear profit for you. Write quick. Address Allen Watson, B604, Avon, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED

1C POSTAL CARD BRINGS SWORN PROOF of $5 to $15 daily, introducing new style guaranteed hosiery, 57 styles, 13 colors. Neither experience nor capital needed, just show samples, write orders; we deliver and collect. Your pay daily, monthly bonus besides; 7 pairs hose guaranteed 7 months $1.75; 3 pairs ladies' novelty silk mixed hose $4.59. Complete outfit furnished, all colors, grades, including silks. Mac-O-Chee Mills Company, Square 90061, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SELF FEEDING, REFILLABLE POWDER puff. Real lambs wool front, white kid back. Folds and fastens for carrying in purse. Biggest selling women's novelty ever invented. Patented. Nothing like it. Only 6 months out. Women cannot resist it at 50c. Over 100 percent profit. Send 35 cents for sample and particulars. F. A. Koch, 8751 S. Grand Ave., Detroit, Mich.

CASH QUICK — LIBERAL COMMISSIONS— Every car owner wants Radions—Absolutely new principle prevents carbon trouble. Makes old motors like new. More power, less gas. Guaranteed. One wholesale for your worst cylinder 75c. Shepherd Engineering Service, 1417 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

OWN A BUSINESS — GET WEALTHY; start new system Old Master auto enameling shop. No experience needed. Cars ready for use in 24 hours with beautiful, lasting factory-like finish. Wonderful opportunity. Exclusive territory given. Write at once for details and free test sample. Akron Paint Products Co., Dept. 16, Akron, Ohio.

$100 TO $300 A WEEK. MEN WITH SLIGHT knowledge of motors who can reach car owners can earn $300 weekly without making a single sale. If they can also make sales profits may reach $25,000 yearly. Only proposition of its kind ever offered. A. L. Phillips, 228 West 29th St., New York.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING Bliss Native Herbs, manufactured since 1888 to relieve constipation, rheumatism, indigestion, biliousness. Some agents make as high as $300 per month. So can you. Write to-day. We tell you how. Dept. C 4, Alonzo O. Bliss Co., Bliss Building, Washington, D. C.

GENERAL AGENTS. SOMETHING NEW. Whirlwind sellers. "Repeat" Washing Powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package Kittredge Co., 12 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

USE INSYDE TYRES IN YOUR OLD CASINGS and get from 3 to 5 thousand miles more service. Positively prevent punctures and blowouts. Used over and over again. Low priced. Big money saver. Agents wanted. Write for terms. American Accessories Co., B-713, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—$15 A DAY—EASY, QUICK SALES —Free auto; big weekly bonus; $1.50 premium free to every customer. Simply show our beautiful, 7 piece solid aluminum handle cutlery set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 23-C, Chicago.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PILLOW tops, luminous crucifixes, frames, sheet pictures, waterproof & tea aprons, merchants signs, silk and wool hose, rugs, and 50 other specialties. Unequaled service. Samples, catalog free. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk A-4, Chicago.

DISTRICT REPRESENTATIVES: START profitable business selling $10 accident and sickness policy. $5,000 death, $25.00 weekly benefits. State protects policy holders. Guaranteed yearly income from renewals. Dept. B, Room 516, 75 Montgomery street, Jersey City, N. J.

AGENTS MAKE $10 DAILY—BIG LINE guaranteed extracts, food products, perfumes, toilet goods, household necessities. No capital or experience needed. Free sample case and instructions. Write for amazing offer. Perkins Products Co., Desk 7, Hastings, Nebr.

ACTIVE MEN, WOMEN, LET US START you in business and make you independent. You can earn $35 to $50 weekly with Menthol Ointment; works like magic; repeat orders come fast. Folder, sample sent free. Horner Manufacturing, 540, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SELL $24.50 ALL WOOL SUITS DIRECT TO wearer, cash commission, monthly bonus and Ford car free. Big line, also full outfit raincoats, overcoats and pants. McGinnis Manufacturing Company, Parkersburg, West Virginia.

AGENTS. $16 A DAY. LATEST IMPROVED portable talking machine. Does more than machines costing five times its price. Built in just like a suitcase. Fully guaranteed. Pay you daily. Write Perry-Ludlow Co., S-1911, Dayton, Ohio.

SALES AGENTS. MEN OR WOMEN. $200 a month. Year round position. No layoffs. Take orders for Jennings new style hosiery. Written guarantee of satisfaction or new hose free. Write for outfit. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 215, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS. WONDERFUL NEW LITTLE ARTICLE. Scientific. Useful. Snappy demonstrator. Red hot seller. Great side line. Big profit. Circular free. Eureka Supply Co., Dept. B, Sedalia, Mo.

AGENTS—CREW MEN. NOVELTY MEN. Gloo-Pen, a 50c mucilage fountain pen; everybody buys on demonstration. Write for big profit plan. Gloo-Pen Co., 75-BB Front St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

AGENTS—NEW STYLE GUARANTEED HOSIERY for men, women, children. All colors. Must give satisfaction or new hose free. Full line of silk hose. Write for particulars. Parker Mfg. Co., Sample 109, Dayton, Ohio.

WANTED—COLORED AGENTS TO SELL perfumes, hair grower, pressing oil, straightening combs, toilet goods, to colored people. Magnolia Perfume Co., 801 West 9th Ave., Houston, Texas.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights, tableware. Complete working outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

MAKE MONEY SILVERING MIRRORS, all kinds plating, knives, spoons, auto headlights. Outfits furnished. Free booklet. International Laboratories, Dept. 20, 311 Fifth Ave., New York.

EARN BIG MONEY FAST APPLYING GOLD initials to autos. Every owner buys—$1.35 profit on $1.50 sale—particulars and samples free. Write quick. Lithogram Co., Dept. 22, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS: $40 A WEEK SELLING GUARANTEED hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 111, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS: SEND NAME AND ADDRESS AND get absolutely free box of Bassett's Native Herb Tablets. For constipation, indigestion, headache, rheumatism. Bassett's Native Herb Co., B-302, Columbus, Ohio.

PICTURE MAN FRIEDMAN IS GIVING away free $2.00 samples and valuable book on canvassing. Prints, portraits, frames. Picture Man Friedman, Dept. 1 H, 673 Madison, Chicago.

$11.00 A DAY FOR 5 HOURS WORK. NEW method; no capital required; no deliveries; no delays; just take orders and bank immediate profits. Davis Products Co., Dept. 170, 1307 Carroll Ave., Chicago.

RUMMAGE SALES MAKE $50.00 DAILY. We start you. Representatives wanted everywhere. Permanent business. Dept. 40, "Wholesale Distributors," 609 Division street, Chicago.

EARN BIG MONEY FAST APPLYING GOLD initials to autos. Every owner buys; $1.40 profit on $1.50 sale. Particulars and samples free. World Monogram Co., Dept. D, Newark, N. J.

GREATEST SENSATION! ELEVEN PIECE toilet article set selling like blazes at $1.75 with $1.00 dressmakers shears free to each customer. Spring rush on. Foster Reid Co., 78 Winslow Bldg., Station C, Chicago.

AGENTS STOP WISHING; WORK YOU CAN make $10.00 daily selling articles everybody needs. Particulars free. Write, B. & G. Rubber Co., Dept. 324, Pittsburgh, Pa.

EASY MONEY SELLING TO COLORED PEOPLE. Write for our attractive proposition. Marcellene Chemical Company, 1333 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

AGENTS: $100.00 WEEKLY SELLING ESTABLISHED quality raincoats at $3.95. Pay advanced. We deliver. Free coats. Hydro Raincoat Co., 3510 Polk, Dept. 90, Chicago.

NEW WONDERFUL SELLER, 96c PROFIT every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample free. Mission Factory, O, 519 No. Halsted, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—MASON SOLD 18 COMET SPRAYERS and autowashers one Saturday. Profits $2.50 each. Particulars free. Established 30 years. Rusler Co., Johnstown, Ohio, Dept. 11A.

EVERYBODY USES EXTRACTS. SELL Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line household necessities. Big repeaters. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E6, Attica, N. Y.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO money required. Linro Co., Dept. 184, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

MEN — WOMEN — GIRLS WANTED FOR U. S. Government life jobs, $1140 to $2300 year. Steady, pleasant work. Short hours. Paid vacation. Common education sufficient. Experience unnecessary. List positions and full information—free. Write immediately. Today sure. Franklin Institute, Dept T26, Rochester, N. Y.

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS RAILWAY postal clerks. Men 18-35. $1600-$2300 year. Travel. See the country. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. W 25, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

OIL—$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO land and interest in oil well that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 333 Petroleum Bldg., Houston, Texas.

SILVERING MIRRORS, FRENCH PLATE. Easily learned; immense profits. Plans free. Wear Mirror Works, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

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MAGIC GOODS. BOOKS, CARDS. LODESTONE tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

THREE CARD TRICKS. 25c. NO STAMPS. Fool your friends. Cooper Novelties, Three, Ft. Worth, Texas.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

ONLY $98.00 STARTS YOU IN THIS BUSINESS with complete outfit. No experience needed. Openings everywhere for making fortunes. Monarch Theater Supply Co., 726 South Wabash Av., Chicago.

FILMS RENTED TO PROFESSIONALS AND amateurs. Particulars free. George A. Fisher, Cos Cob, Connecticut.

MALE HELP WANTED

EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY, EXPENSES paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet. CM-12 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards; established 1909; particulars free. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Columbia, St. Louis.

WANTED — BOYS-MEN, BE AUTO EXPERTS. $45 week. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. W 404, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 666 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, former Government detective, 1964 Broadway, New York.

ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS, 17 TO 60, willing to accept Government positions, $117-$200, traveling or stationary, write Mr. Ozment, 106 St. Louis, Mo., immediately.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

GOVERNMENT WANTS RAILWAY POSTAL clerks. Particulars free. Franklin Institute, Dept. W 6, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BEGINNERS, $150-$250 monthly, railroads everywhere (which position?). Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$35 WEEK. BOYS-MEN. BECOME AUTOMOBILE experts. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. T-404, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

GIRLS-WOMEN, LEARN GOWN DESIGNING—making. $40 week. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. W 505, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—WOMEN-GIRLS, LEARN DRESSMAKING. $35 week. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. T 505, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN TO SEW; MATERIAL PREPAID to your house. Plain sewing, steady work. No canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices we pay. Universal Co., Desk 4, Phila., Pa.

$6-$18 A DOZEN DECORATING PILLOW tops at home, experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 188, LaGrange Ind.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

INCREASE YOUR FAMILY INCOME KNITTING socks at home. The way to independence. The Home Profit Knitter is the world's most productive and reliable home knitting machine. Be first in your town. We pay you $1.75 for every dozen pairs, furnish free yarn with each machine and replace yarn used in socks you send us. Enormous demand. Free instructions anywhere. Immediate application necessary. Home Profit Hosiery Co., 852-S Hudson avenue, Rochester, New York.

PERSONAL

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE IF YOU HAVE lost your power, strength and vigor of youth; if you feel downhearted or discouraged, don't give up hope. Get relief in 24 to 48 hours. Many happy users protects you. Get this remedy by return mail. One box, $2. Double strength, $3. Free book. Write today. E. E. Geissler, Dept. B, 364 East 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

WHAT WORRIES YOU? WHETHER IT'S love, health, money or finding your mate, write full letter and send silver quarter, carefully wrapped, for wonderful booklet, "Mystic Secrets." Full instructions. Strict confidence. Prompt reply. We help thousands. Prof. Coffman, 111 West Third Str., Div. 174, Los Angeles, Calif.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE SUFFERING from chronic, nervous, blood, skin, kidney or bladder diseases, remember: we have been treating these diseases for over a quarter of a century. Established in 1896. Write: book, symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN WHO HAVE LOST THEIR GOOD health, or never had any, can find complete restoration in Chrometome, the new, marvelous 48-hour pick-me-up remedy for nervous, exhausted, run-down, debilitated men. Quick results. Box $1; four for $3. Legion Remedy Co., Pittsburg, Kansas.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOPLE, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY RICH—WORLD'S LEADING CORRESPONDENCE club for lonely people. Many worth to $400,000. Quick results guaranteed. Confidential list free. Honorable Ralph Hyde (86), San Francisco, Calif. (Stamp please.)

DR. ROWE, 112 N. PEARL ST., BUFFALO, N. Y. His absorptive-gland treatment most successful known for nervous, urinary, prostatic disease, stricture. Send 50 cents today for trial package.

MARRY. HUNDREDS WEALTHY. LARGEST, best, most reliable club. Quickest results; write, be convinced. Confidential descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

YOUR HOROSCOPE WITH PICTORIAL chart showing character, talents, occupation, life partner, etc. Send 10c, birthdate. St. Germain Society, Dept. 112, Sharpsburg, Pa.

WISH NEW FRIENDS? MANY LADIES and gentlemen desire correspondents. Write Good Fellowship Club, Woodhaven, New York. (Stamp.)

PRETTY MAIDEN, WEALTHY BUT LONELY, will marry. Club, Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

$1 BUYS 10,000 MARKS GERMAN OR Polish, or 20,000 Austrian crowns or 500,000 Russian rubles. City of Vienna bond 50,000 crowns or 20,000 mark German bond only $2. Wholesale list free. George Grigoleit, 20 E. Jackson, Chicago.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES, Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalogue free. Star Book Co., 2B9, Camden, N. J.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamme Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY — MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

LONELY LITTLE "FLAPPER" TIRED LIVING alone, very wealthy, wants marriage. I dare you write! 86 Mission Unity Club, San Francisco, Calif. (Stamp please.)

MARRY HEALTH, WEALTH—MEMBERS everywhere, worth to $50,000. Photos, descriptions, free. Sunflower Club, B-200, Cimarron, Kans.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS WHERE fine fuzzy roots, $10.00. Superfluous hair removed forever, $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Knapp Trio, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIRECTORY and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

NOTICE—A LARGE COLLECTION OF PICTURES and descriptions of beautiful ladies sent free to any one upon request. Address Prof. Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WIDOW WORTH $20,-000 will marry. "Confidential." Club B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

JOIN MY FRIENDSHIP CIRCLE FOR jolly letters. Nancy Bell, Box 773, Philadelphia, Penna. (Stamp.)

BRITISH GIRLS DESIRE AMERICAN CORRESPONDENTS. Proposition 10c. Clare, 16, Cambridge street, London, S. W., England.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, BOOKLET free. Address Home Club, L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DESCRIPTIONS and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

WIDOW, 23, COMFORTABLY SITUATED, would marry. C. Alliance, Box 95, Toledo, Ohio.

HANDSOME LADY OF MEANS; WOULD marry if suited. (Stamp.) Violet, Box 787, Dennison, Ohio.

WANTED—LADIES & GENTLEMEN FOR mission Bible school everywhere. R. R. Jones, Box 228, Peoria, Ill.

HANDSOME BACHELOR, WORTH $35,000, wants wife. P-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

YOUNG MAN, WORTH SEVERAL THOUSAND, will marry for love. Ladies write. Box 701, South Euclid, Ohio.

MAKE DESIRABLE FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS. Write Jane Stevens, Manlius, New York. Enclose stamp.

LADIES, IF YOU WISH A WEALTHY, pretty husband, write me. Box 594, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAPER published. Free for stamp. Correspondent. Toledo, Ohio.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS. WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

LONESOME WIDOWS—GET BUSY. WRITE me; marry wealthy. Mr. Hyde, Box 395 (86), San Francisco, Calif.

LADIES—SEND YOUR NAME, ADDRESS and description to be printed free in Penny Wantads, 21 Duane street, N. Y. C.

MATRIMONIAL MAGAZINE—PHOTOS, DESCRIPTIONS, many rich, want to marry, mailed free. Jahn Pub. Co., St. Paul, Minn.

MAGIC WORDS! SECRET, SURE METHOD of obtaining anything you want; postpaid for dime. Smedley, 140 Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

RANCHMAN, 35, WORTH $30,000, WANTS wife. R-Box 263, Club, Zanesville, Ohio.

MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Ellen Shooter, 512 Second Ave., Lumberton, N. C., wishes to hear from or concerning son, David E. Shooter, 19 years old. Last heard from in Towle, California, on Nov. 6th, 1921. At that time was employed by Pacific Gas & Electric Co. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received.

Richard Baumgardt, Erskine, Alta., Canada, wishes to hear from or concerning brother, Leo Baumgardt, 44 years old. Last heard from near Mankato, Minn., about 27 years ago. At the age of 17 years he was working for Louis Coal, 13 miles north of Mankato, Minn. Any information as to his whereabouts will be gratefully received.

Just a few drops combed into the hair and almost immediately you can see "listless locks" begin to take on new life, new lustre, new silky sheen—stray ends and straggly strands melding into glorious waves and curls.

And in 20 minutes your mirror shows you a new head of hair—marcelled and curled as you like it best; with a natural wave that no artificial beauty-parlor process could possibly duplicate.

Marvelous New Spanish Liquid Makes any hair naturally curly *in 20 minutes*

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the touseled-hair twins. Tom Harvey nicknamed us that—horrid, red-headed Tom Harvey who used to put burs in our pigtails and angleworms in our inkwells.

Our mothers despaired of us. Our hair simply wouldn't behave. There were Martha Brown, Helen Stahl, Betty Davis and Leah Cohen—all with wonderful curly hair. But Charity and I could never coax ours out of a straight line.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain, where her father was in diplomatic service, and I didn't see her again for five years—not until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair. When the bobbing vogue first came in I had my hair cut, hoping against hope that would improve its looks. Realizing my mistake, I permitted it to grow again and by New Year's eve it was just long enough to be unmanageable.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

While there was something strangely familiar about her face I didn't recognize her—then. No—it—it couldn't be.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop. I had never been so thoroughly ashamed of my hair before.

Wavy Bob

Of course you have guessed her identity—for it was really she—Charity Winthrop who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. There was everything to talk about, but I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop — tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story." She was stopping at the hotel. We excused ourselves and rushed to Charity's room. I listened breathless while she told me this strange story:

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.

Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. There he sat all day long, asking alms from the passers-by. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

The day before I was leaving Madrid I stopped to bid him goodbye and pressed a gold coin in his palm. That was the best investment I ever made."

"Hija mia," he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. *Digamelo* (tell me) *senorita*, what it is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly."

Lovely Curls

"Oigame, senorita," he said—"what you wish is even simpler than I thought. Many years ago—a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the *droguero*. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish. *Adios, senorita, voya con Tios.*"

"You can't imagine, Winnifred, how funny it made me feel. I did not take it seriously, of course. I never expected to look up this mysterious Pedro, but some whim changed my mind and I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, Pedro, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard, met me. Nervously I stammered out my explanation. When I had finished, he bowed and vanished into the rear of his store. Presently he returned with a bottle which he handed to me.

"By this time I was terribly excited—could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was finally in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Breathlessly I watched Charity take a bottle from her wardrobe trunk. Tremblingly my fingers undid my hair and applied the liquid.

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke, I hardly dared look in my mirror fearing it had all been a dream. But it was true—gloriously true. My hair was curly and beautiful.

Then the thought came to me I had no right to keep this great secret to myself. There were thousands of women just like me who would give anything to know my precious secret.

So I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin who is a chemist at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now he told me, the Century Chemists were prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

Take advantage of their generous trial offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I was only too glad to know the formula was to be so easily available. I did make one stipulation, however, I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

That is the opportunity you have now. Please believe me, who was once called tousel-head—no matter how straight, dull and unmanageable your hair is, this Spanish Liquid Curler will work magic for you.

No need to undergo the torture and expense of the so-called permanent wave, which might even destroy your hair. You can have natural curly hair in twenty minutes. One application will keep your hair beautiful for a week or more.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money. I know from actual experience that you will be more than pleased.

Free Distribution of $3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

A Matchless Marcelle

IN accordance with our agreement with Miss Ralston we are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular $3.50 size bottle of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is $1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at this actual cost price—without a penny of profit.

And you do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman $1.87 plus the few cents postage when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly.

This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.

CENTURY CHEMISTS
(Originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay)
Dept. 288, Century Bldg., Chicago

Send No Money—*Simply Sign and Mail Coupon*

CENTURY CHEMISTS
(Originators of the famous
40 Minute Beauty Clay)
Dept. 288, Century Bldg., Chicago

Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size $3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle (Spanish Liquid Curler). I will pay postman $1.87, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name ....

Street ....

Town.............................. State..........

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose $2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle (Spanish Liquid Curler) will be sent to you postpaid.